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PUNCH or The London Charivari—July 4 1956

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Gin and Tonic. Serve in a fairly large glass so that people can add as much Tonic Water as they like. Add a thin slice of lemon.

Gin and Orange. For a short-and-sweet, have equal quantities of Gordon's and Orange Squash. Reduce the orange for a semi-sweet. For a long drink, add soda water.



P.S.—Busy barmen appreciate clear orders, e.g. "Gordon's with a dash of orange, please."

* Ask for it by name

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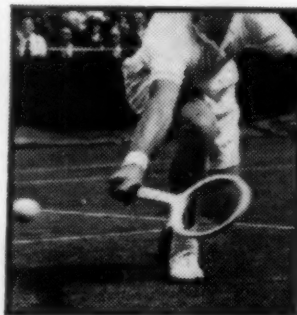
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for men of action



ALL ENGLAND — to say nothing of Scotland, Wales and Ireland — approves quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric. There are plenty of stockists to serve you.



SET AND MATCH. Undoubtedly the finest three set matches (matched to manly comfort, freshness and grooming) are "Three Musketeers" by Lenthéric. Details below.

Lenthéric

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men include After Shave Lotion (now available in solid form, too), new Dry (Electric) Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" and Men's Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather or Brushless Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite packs, "Overnighter" and other special sets. From chosen stockists.

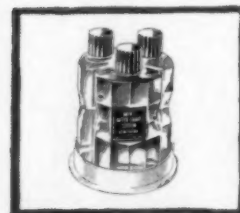
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From Wimbledon to Little Whatsit, quiet perfect grooming by Lenthéric is regarded as an ace service to men.

Nothing makes a man (either single or double) feel more manly.

Nothing gives him a better net return for his money. Nothing puts him on better terms with his partner. It's worth taking a trip down the tram-lines to your nearest Lenthéric stockist—now.

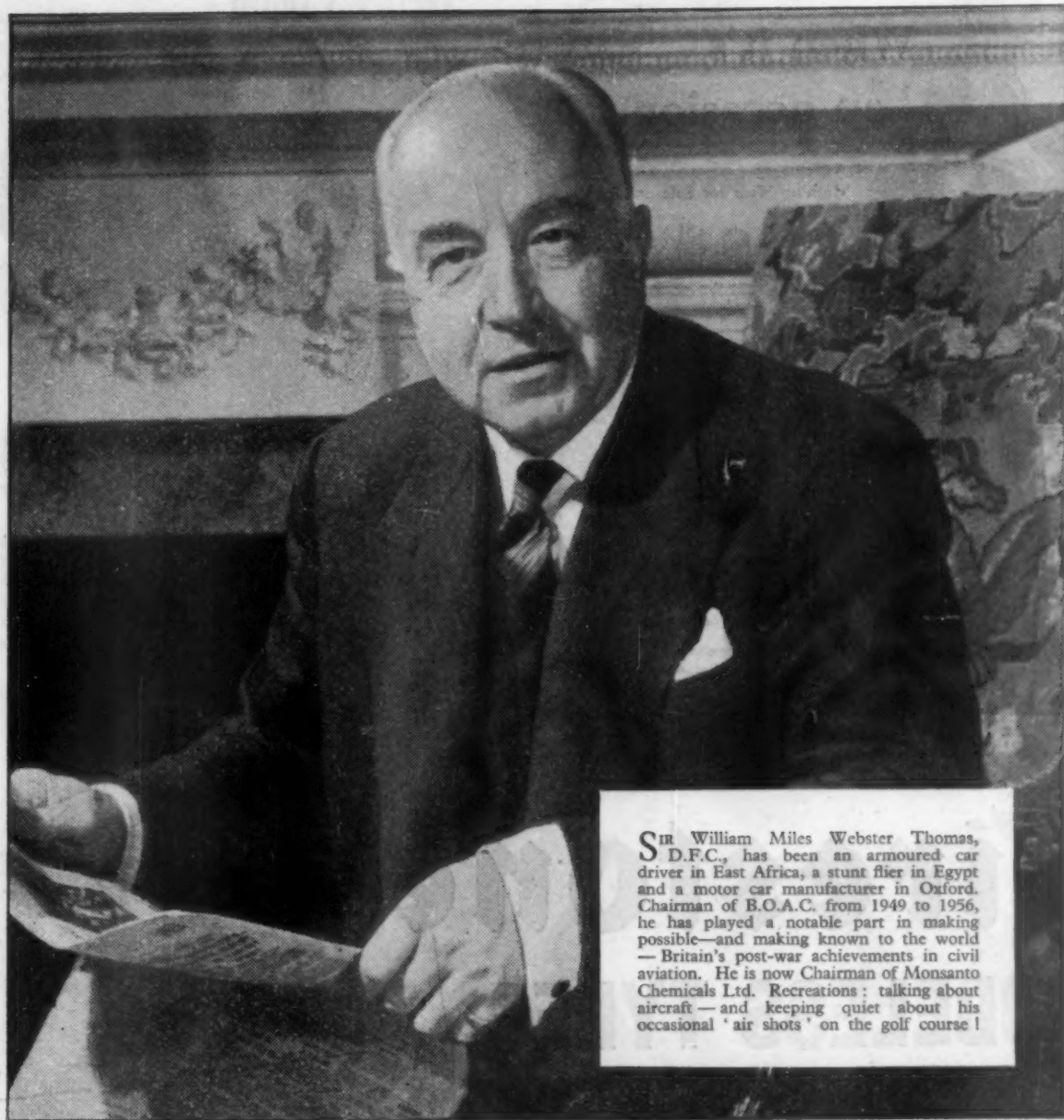
quiet, perfect grooming



"Three Musketeers". A well-matched trio for masculine freshness. Containing After Shave Lotion, Brilliantine and Men's Eau de Cologne.

Price: 24/-

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Sir William Miles Webster Thomas, S.D.F.C., has been an armoured car driver in East Africa, a stunt flier in Egypt and a motor car manufacturer in Oxford. Chairman of B.O.A.C. from 1949 to 1956, he has played a notable part in making possible—and making known to the world—Britain's post-war achievements in civil aviation. He is now Chairman of Monsanto Chemicals Ltd. Recreations: talking about aircraft—and keeping quiet about his occasional 'air shots' on the golf course!

"My Daily Mail" by SIR MILES THOMAS

"I'VE READ the Daily Mail for almost as long as I can remember. It's a paper that reads itself, so to speak—by which I mean that its reports and features, on any subject under the sun, are always clearly and interestingly written.

You probably know that I'm rather an air-minded person! So the Daily Mail is a paper after my own heart. It always gives prominence to the latest achieve-

ments in the air. It always has—since it sponsored the first cross-channel flight in 1909 and presented Blériot with a thousand pounds for his success. I often think now, when I fly above the Channel, what a well-spent thousand pounds that was!

As a busy man, I particularly admire the way the Daily Mail reporters crystallize and condense news items so that one obtains essential, accurate and memorable information in the shortest possible time."

When it's
an occasion...

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Firestone

TUBELESS TYRES

*The FACTS about
Tubeless Tyre
Safety*



Protection from BLOWOUTS

In this safety tyre the tube is replaced with an airtight Safety-Liner which is bonded to the inside of the tyre. No tube to pinch, tear or blow out if injury to the tyre body occurs. Damage which might cause a conventional tyre to blow out becomes as harmless as a slow leak.



Protection from PUNCTURES

Reduces roadside delays because the airtight Safety-Liner, which is bonded to the inside of the tyre, clings to penetrating nails and sharp objects, preventing loss of air and enabling completion of a journey.

There's safety with all these Firestone Long-Service Features

Firestone (De Luxe and Town & Country) tyres are available in tubeless construction incorporating all the special Firestone features, Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord body, road-gripping quiet-running treads of scientific design, and longer tyre life.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good

Experience Counts —

27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.



Fear not, dear lady. A mod. kitch. always looks thus when it is bg. blt. One day soon, glue-pot, sawdust and long-suffering joiner gone, you will find that the architect was right after all: it will be a dream kitchen. Nowadays such dreams are made, to a large extent, of hardboard, a most workable building material that is seen—and taken for granted—in shelves, partitions and cupboards at home, the office and the factory. But this versatile board is only one of the things that Bowaters make. The full catalogue runs from delicate tissues to newsprint rolls $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. For the enjoyment of living, Bowaters provide paper for magazines and books, for wrapping sweets and biscuits. For the business of living, Bowaters provide packages for commerce and industry, even building material. Directly or indirectly all benefit from the diversified activities of the Bowater Organisation.



The harvest of the forest is given many forms by **BOWATERS**

The Bowater Paper Corporation Limited

Great Britain United States of America Canada Australia South Africa Republic of Ireland Norway Sweden

JULY

Experiment with Tyme

IT IS BUT PIOUS to wonder what our ancestors were like. The local Pageant, which might be expected to satisfy our curiosity in this respect, somehow fails to do so. It leaves us with the impression that our village was much more highly organised and alert in the past than it is today. Look at the way they reacted to the Armada. One moment they were all Morris-dancing on the Recreation Ground. The next, having in some extraordinary manner descried a beacon on a distant hill-top which we could have sworn was rendered by the prevailing Scotch mist completely invisible, a sort of levee en masse had taken place and they were all marching off to fight the accursed Spaniards, waving their pikes and swords and making the devil of a row. It is true that they marched north, towards the pavilion, instead of (as we should have expected) south, towards the Channel; but doubtless this was some kind of ruse, dictated by the requirements of security. What we found so remarkable about their conduct in this and other crises (the Civil War, for instance, when they ambushed a Cromwellian foraging party almost before the public address system had had time to explain what was happening) was the speed with which they got things laid on. What has happened to these powers of faultless co-ordination? Why do their descendants make such uphill work of organising a jumble-sale or a whist drive? To such questions the Pageant, that curious experiment with time, fails signally to suggest an answer.

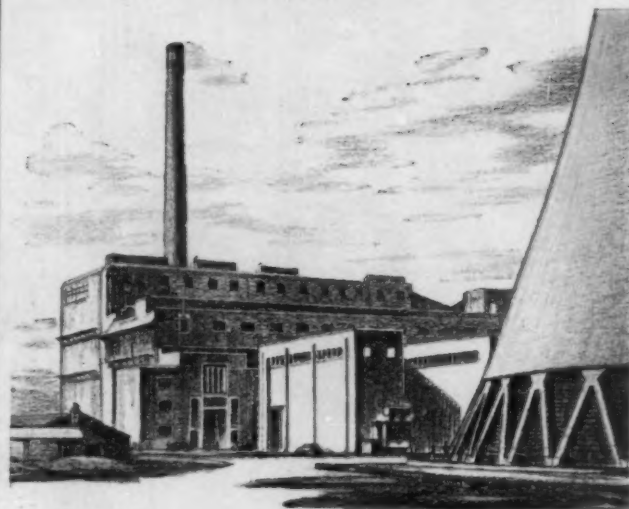


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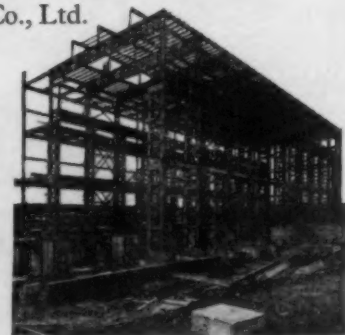
LANDMARKS IN STEEL



STEELWORK for POWER

AGECROFT—A vital link in the Central Electricity Authority's chain of Power Stations serving industrial Lancashire, with Steelwork by Edward Wood & Co., Ltd.

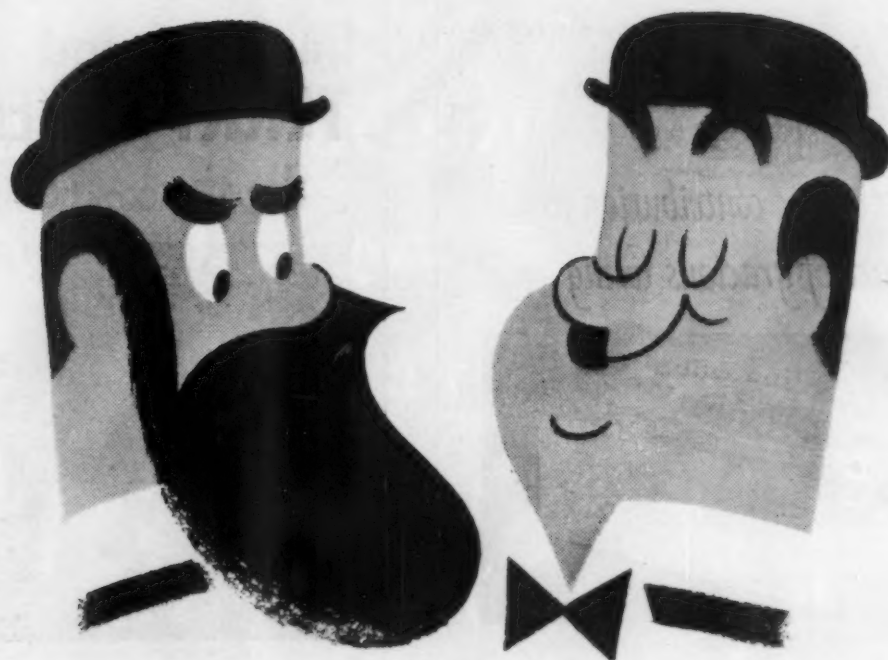
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**Good ~~mornings~~ begin with
Double Diamond**



The barmaid bawled 'Time, Please' at two
When a young blade dashed up in a stew
Called 'Landlord getamoveon!
I want my Double Diamon'
Phew! That's the closest shave I've had today!'

Double Diamond comes in a handy
bottle-shape dispenser and is served
in a special glass—the glass with
exactly the right drinking angle.

Gillette for banishing bristle

DOUBLE DIAMOND

for wetting your whistle



*A distinctive contribution to
the art of gracious living*

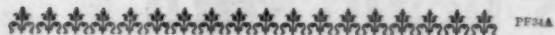


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PF34A



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THE DRY APERITIF THAT
IS DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT



One of the differences being
that many of our English
friends enjoy LILLET as the
ideal long drink.

(Approximately two-thirds
Lillet with one-third gin. Add
a lump of ice and a slice of
lemon. Top up with soda
water.)

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TERRY TOWELLING

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Horrockses
the Greatest Name in Cotton



CHANEL

Whatever the size

English Electric make the Refrigerator that is just perfect for the smaller home.

of your home—

It's beautifully compact yet really roomy inside.

you've room for a refrigerator

Ample space for a good big joint, fish, vegetables, fruit, butter...

to keep everything sweet and fresh

Everything the small family needs. And that table-top is a blessing.

Then every meal will be a treat

The larger English Electric model is just what the big family needs.

and you'll be overjoyed

There's enough room inside to take a banquet and even the door has three built-in shelves—

at the money it saves you!

Virtually a larder on its own. What a fresh interest in food it will give you!

THE SMALLER MODEL EA-34

The 'big-hearted' refrigerator for the smaller home. Almost 6½ square feet of shelf space, yet it's so compact: only 3 feet high, 22 inches wide, 22 inches deep.

THE LARGER MODEL EA-83

A big and beautiful refrigerator with over 15 square feet of adjustable shelf area. Special features include giant full-width Freezer and Coldrawer, and two fitted Humidrawers.

White or cream enamel finish. ENGLISH ELECTRIC hermetically-sealed refrigerating units guaranteed for 5 years.

*You can own one
on Easy Terms*

Either of these fine ENGLISH ELECTRIC Refrigerators can be obtained on R.P. terms. See them at your local Electrical Showroom.

Model EA-34 Cash Price £46 plus Purchase Tax £13.1.
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BETTER LIVING



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Art by Madame Alexander



Makes you feel so fresh and feminine

Yardley Lavender is more than a lovely, light-hearted fragrance. It's a feeling . . . fresh, gay and wonderful — like being in love! And when you feel like that, you look your prettiest.

Have Yardley Lavender about you always. A bottle on your dressing table, Crystallised Lavender in your handbag, Lavender Soap for your bath.

Yardley Lavender

soda, tonic and other delicious drinks



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—all at a fraction of normal cost

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS SodaStream transforms ordinary water into sparkling soda-water, whilst with the help of our true-flavour concentrates you can make tip-top tonic water, ginger beer, ginger ale, and refreshing fruit drinks.

No more syphon shortages, no more empties cluttering up the place. This light, easily worked little machine quickly pays for itself: the cost of the soda-water is only 1d. and the other drinks around 2½d. for an 8 oz. bottle.

Compare this with what you pay at present. The price of SodaStream is £16.12.0 including P.T.; with it comes six bottles and a 300-bottle cylinder of gas which can easily be returned by post for a 10/- recharge.

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Sebel have the answer to most seating problems. Our steel chairs and tables are designed for halls, canteens, cafés—they're smart and comfortable, sturdy but lightweight and easily stacked or folded away when necessary. In a few minutes a roomful of Sebel furniture can be completely cleared for games or dancing.

Sebel

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Steel Furniture to Department 6 K., Sebel Products Ltd.,
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End the dangerous 5 minutes and you'll get 80% less engine wear with *BP Energol 'Visco-static'*

THE FIRST 5-10 minutes after starting from cold is when your engine wears out fastest of all. As much as 60 times faster than on normal running. The reason is that conventional oils are too thick to flow freely when cold. They don't begin to circulate and do their job until your engine is warmed up.

But there is an oil you can buy today which ends this danger completely. Its name is BP Energol 'Visco-static' and it protects your engine from the moment you touch the starter button. This is why BP Energol 'Visco-static' gives the remarkable test results of 80% less wear on cylinder bores and piston rings.

The striking difference between BP Energol 'Visco-static' and conventional oils is that its thickness varies far less between hot and cold. Even when you start up in very cold weather this oil flows freely so that all vital parts get immediate lubrication.

Yet even at full engine heat it has ample body to protect your engine.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is a multigrade oil covering the range from SAE 10W to 40. It suits all four-stroke engines in good condition and is for all-year-round use.

Up to 12% less petrol

With BP Energol 'Visco-static' you save petrol too because there's less oil drag. On start and stop running your saving can be up to 12%. Even on longer journeys you can save up to 5%. And there's the extra benefit of easier starting.

Do's and Don'ts for BP Energol 'Visco-static'

Don't mix it with other oils.

Drain and refill with BP Energol 'Visco-static'. If you have not been using a detergent oil run 500 miles, then drain and refill again.

Don't change to BP Energol 'Visco-static' if your engine needs an overhaul. In such cases continue to use the normal grades of BP Energol until it has been overhauled.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield, in pint, quart and 1 gallon sealed containers.

Engine much livelier, writes motorist

"With BP Energol 'Visco-static' in the sump my 1½ litre Jaguar starts as easily after standing out in winter as in summer weather. The engine is much livelier on the oil than it was before."

S. R. Wilson, Gt. Yarmouth.



Going Abroad? BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil is available in all countries of Western Europe except Spain.

ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited



CHARIVARIA

THE election of Colonel Nasser as President of Egypt by a ninety-eight per cent vote has rather an old-fashioned sound about it. Any minute now we may expect him to promote himself Marshal.

Parthian Shot

THE Egyptians, incidentally, seem to be quite exceptionally hard to please. According to the *Egyptian Gazette*, an



editorial in the Arabic-language paper *Al-Shaab* "expressed concern at the fact that the British, true to their tradition of not fulfilling their promises, terminated their military occupation of this country five days before the date fixed for it."

Smelt Any Good Rats Lately?

SINGAPORE has established a commanding lead in the metaphor-coining world. The *Singapore Standard*, for example, tells how Mr. Marshall "made merry with a barrage of earnest language which he hoped would sound an obscure thrill of alarm," and a few days after, "nibbled at the bait which was offered in order to make him fly off the handle." The same paper also gives us "The \$1,800,000 white elephant of a hostel is only dust thrown in our eyes." But top scorer so far is the *Straits Times*, which in an article on Mr. Malcolm MacDonald produced two virtuoso passages that should be in every textbook:

The more responsible sought to throw a protective mantle round this tight-rope artist who held so finely

the balance between West and East in the East. But the prophets of woe sat back in the hope that soon he would sink beneath the waves of Asian nationalism without a trace.

And then:

That question stood out like a dagger in the sky striding a world that was breaking up into a dangerous harlequinade when right into the middle of it sailed Harlequin Mac himself.

The Stars Fall Down

AFTER consulting the planets, the organizers of the Annual Conference of American Astrologers decided that the most propitious time to begin the proceedings was 8.41 a.m. precisely, but more than half of the four hundred delegates did not put in an appearance at that hour because they had overslept. For some reason or another the organizers had not foreseen this.

Fair's Fair, Dammit

A DEPRESSING feature of Rhodesian soccer is said to be the regularity with which losing sides beat up the referee,



and it is heartening to learn that African leaders have begun to agitate for the game to be put on a higher plane. In the circumstances it seems a pity that a referee in Bulawayo who beat a goal-keeper unconscious with an iron bar should have been selected for arrest in the first phase of the reforms.

Serious Matter

WIDESPREAD concern will be felt over the report of the Medical Research Council's committee on the dangers of

nuclear radiation. True, it found that tests of hydrogen bombs on the present scale are pretty innocuous, and even if increased would only be our grandchildren's pidgin; what alarms is the linking of radioactivity with the television set, and it is hoped that some reassuring statement will be made by the Prime Minister as soon as possible. The committee's assertion is a direct attack on the nation's leisure, hence on its nervous system and productivity potential. The Government would be well advised to announce, whether true or not, that fall-out from TV only occurs during programmes about tests of hydrogen bombs.

And One More Bull?

MR. DILLON, the Irish Minister for Agriculture, has appealed to farmers in Ireland to carry through a five-year plan of which the basis is One More Cow, One More Sow and One More Acre Under the Plough. This kind of thing sounds all very well in speeches by politicians, but one would like to know how it goes in Irish.

Man with Soul so Dead

AMONG the more improbable items to emerge from the waste of publicity arising from the engagement of Miss Marilyn Monroe to Mr. Arthur Miller is a report that Mr. Jim Dougherty, Miss Monroe's first husband, remembers little about their marriage except that



they ate frozen peas and carrots nearly every night because she thought they were so pretty.

Because She Said So

Anyone who is still in doubt about the sincerity of the genial Bulganin and the even more genial Khrushchev may take heart from the advertisements, now



appearing in all the newspapers, which read "Soviet Army. First and only appearance in Britain."

Pie in the Sky

ASTRONOMERS who have been studying the question in California for twenty years now announce that in their opinion the rate at which the universe is expanding is slowing down. Still, there's probably nothing here that an all-round increase in wages wouldn't put right.

Enlightened Policy

"There are many people, and I am one of them, who think that Battersea Park was not the best place to choose for a fun fair . . . In the setting of a popular amusement garden it is difficult to maintain that an illuminated tower is out of place."—Mr. Duncan Sandys

THE Gardens are a loathsome thing,
God wot.

Battersea Council likes them, I do not.
But as they're there, it's my official
plan

To let them be as ugly as they can.



Vive La Compagnie

THE Pandit has hated colonial rule
(Vive la compagnie)
Since ever they sent him to Harrow to school
(Vive la compagnie)
He graciously promises freedom from fear
To all of mankind except those in Kashmir.
(Vive le—vive le—vive le Commonwealth
Vive l'esprit—vive l'esprit—vive la compagnie.)

There's Mehemet Ali gives him tit for his tat
(Vive la compagnie)
Says Nehru not nearly as nice as all that
(Vive la compagnie)
"If he's so anxious about non-attachment,
Won't he let go of the Indus bed catchment?"

And Banderanaiké, whose newly-scrubbed face
(Vive la compagnie)
Demands that the British abandon their base
(Vive la compagnie)
And dreams of an anti-colonial nice land,
A sort of sub-sub-equatorial Iceland.

From Africa comes the gaunt Minister Strijdom
(Vive la compagnie)
A dedicate man to an odd sort of freedom
(Vive la compagnie)
Beneath the quaint rule of that curious card
The bars are all coloured, the coloured all barred.

And then there's Lord Malvern (who once was called Huggins)
(Vive la compagnie)
A newly-enobled, once medical juggins
(Vive la compagnie)
Much milder these days than he was when he started,
He now stands a bit to the left of apartheid.

Now Monsieur St. Laurent grows hot on the collar
(Vive la compagnie)
If he ever hears anyone laugh at the dollar
(Vive la compagnie)
His Gallican tongue starts excitedly whirling
If someone says Canada ought to join sterling.

He who would bargain with bold Robert Menzies
(Vive la compagnie)
Needs to have specs with some very strong lenses
(Vive la compagnie)
For a keen pair of eyes and a strong bush of eyebrow
Are trained to disguise an Australian highbrow.

And Holland, a quiet untalkative bird
(Vive la compagnie)
Turns up in good time but says never a word
(Vive la compagnie)
He makes the least fuss, asks the least—sad confession—
And as a result gets the smallest concession.

And last there's our Eden, the boss of the bunch
(Vive la compagnie)
If nothing is settled, he'll ask them to lunch
(Vive la compagnie)
The thing above all that he has to avoid
Is they shan't have a sherry with Brigadier Lloyd.
(Vive le—vive le—vive le Commonwealth
Vive l'esprit—vive l'esprit—vive la compagnie.) C. H.



Come Sailing In, Come Sailing In

By HONOR TRACY

FROM the tail of my eye I could see Mr. Widdup making tracks for my bungalow again. He never came to the front door but climbed instead the fence which divided our little gardens at the rear; and as he called on me three or four times a week by now he had cloven a gap in the hedge and laid a path across the flower-beds and the lawn. I used to wonder why he did this, for it saved him no time or trouble. It may have been to mark his sense of the difference in our positions, a difference of which he was keenly, oppressively aware. I was a visitor to the seaside, idling my way through the summer, while Mr. Widdup fried fish and chips for a living; and to make the gulf between us wider he was not doing well.

In truth, he was not doing at all. Our two establishments stood facing the beach about a quarter of a mile from the town and there was no connecting road, merely narrow paths that wound their

way through the gorse and scrub. For me, in search only of peace and quiet, the situation was prime, but Mr. Widdup wanted customers. Or, I should rather say, he needed them, for he clearly wasted no love on them as a class.

"That lot?" he would cry, whenever the subject came up. "Give me the belly-ache, *they* do."

He introduced himself the first day of my arrival, indeed within twenty minutes of it.

"Hope you're comfortable," he said breathlessly. "That's me next door, my shop, that is. Frying twelve to two and five to nine. Only high-class fat. Do you a nice fish supper, sole, plaice, cod, whiting, sprats, or jellied eels. The works. And reasonable."

I said it was very handy.

"Think you'll be over to-night, then?"

I thought not to-night. He pressed me to say when I should come but I was unwilling to commit myself; and this appeared to annoy him.

"You've gotter eat, same as me, haven't you? No use mucking about," he said sharply. "Patience? I should think so," he ruminated, aside.

"I'll try to come to-morrow."

"That's right, love, just you have a 'try.' If you lose your way we can send for the perlice," he retorted, making off. As he climbed over the fence again I could hear him mimicking my accent. "She'll 'try' to come to-morrow, she will. Oh, Mother."

The following evening at half-past seven I made my way to Mr. Widdup's shop to sample one of his nice fish suppers. There was a sign over the door announcing Joseph Brabazon Widdup, Restaurateur, All the Marvellous Fruits of the Sea Beautifully Fried, and decorated with scrolls and arabesques. But in the window hung a card which



"Pour les Anglais."

said out, I peered through the glass at the frying-counter, the three marble-topped tables, the jugs of cloudy water, the rickety wooden chairs. The only living things to be seen were the flies that buzzed about a bottle of vinegar. I tried the door several times, but it was locked.

As I returned to my bungalow a tiny window at the side of Mr. Widdup's shop flew open and Mr. Widdup's head poked through.

"When J. B. Widdup's out, he's out," it said. "All that rattling."

The head withdrew and the window shut with a bang.

Early next morning Mr. Widdup climbed over the fence and thundered at my kitchen door. He now had the air of a man in a towering but justified rage.

"I was out yesterday, wasn't I?" he shouted. "Was I out? Yes. And why was I out? 'Cos I was broke, see. 'Cos I hadn't a few bob to buy the fish for the suppers. You might have guessed as much, ho but no. Rattle, rattle, rattle."

This was too much altogether.

"Who the devil d'you think I am?" I screamed back. "Madame Elvira the crystal-gazer?"

The moment these words were uttered a look of singular peace and contentment came over Mr. Widdup's face. "Ah," he remarked, with tender interest, "you and me's a pair."

"Why didn't you come here? I had no supper! I could have paid for the fish in advance!"

"I didn't like," Mr. Widdup replied, simply. "'Course you'd give me the money, you're a good sort, *you* are. But I never like. I'm funny."

It was in the course of the discussion that followed that the Ship was mentioned first. Mr. Widdup brought himself to suggest that a small loan would carry him over the next days; but he wanted it plainly understood that a certain Ship, ploughing her way through difficult seas at the moment, was bound to come in before long, and then what larks for us both! He hurried away to the fish market and at noon the fat hissed savagely in his pans once more.

At half-past eight in the evening he climbed over the fence.

"You'd think I was doing it for me health," he complained. "Here, love, catch hold. It's yours, anyway." In



"If you're going to the reception to Mr. Strijdom, darling, aren't you rather overdoing things?"

the warm bundle of newspaper he gave me were eleven fried soles.

There now began a period of intense collaboration between Mr. Widdup and me. From the start of it to the end no customers ever came. But not by any means were his visits all paid simply to fetch more money: he was far too delicate-minded for that. He would often drop over just to see how I did, or to leave me another mountain of fried fish, or to enjoy an hour's conversation. In this, as the lean days wore on, the Ship loomed ever larger; and it was typical again of the delicacy of Mr. Widdup's mind that she was always *The Ship*, never *My Ship*.

"Just wait and see, love," he used to crow. "Down-hearted? Humbug."

And here this evening he was again. I watched him from the tail of my eye because I was more than inclined, feigning not to have seen him, to cut and run. For one thing I was not in the mood; and then the whole affair was getting a little out of hand. There was no real place in my financial scheme for the subsidizing of a fried-fish business without any turnover. What decided me to remain was the unwonted vivacity of Mr. Widdup's bearing. Of late he had taken to sidling up to the door with a curious crab-like movement and looking away from me as he spoke. To-night he came dancing along as if he hadn't a care in the world.

"She's in, ducks! I've struck it! She's in!" he sang.

He came boldly into the kitchen and sat on the table.

"She's in! you're in, I should say," he continued, adding obscurely, "if you like."

"Come into money, have you?"

"You have, ducks. If you like," he repeated.

"No head for business," he stated. "Never had none. Opening up here. Lovely spot. Ideal situation. Yes, but what did I do with it? I'm clearing out!" he cried, with a blissful smile. "I'm going to live! To-morrow's the last of J. B. Widdup, Restorachewer. Rol-de-rol-de-li-oh!"

"What shall you do with your fish-shop?"

"Yours," he said. "Told you She'd come in. Did I or did I not," he inquired, "tell you She'd come in?"

"But I'm afraid I really don't want it."

"Don't want it?" he exclaimed incredulously. "'Course you want it. You've sunk capital in it. Here's where you get it all back and more. J. B. Widdup never forgot a friend, not J. B. Here's the key," he said, waving it at me. "Say the word and first thing to-morrow I put that key in your hand. And it's all yours, premises, equipment, furniture and present stock. The lot. And the goodwill."

"It's an extremely generous offer..."

"Offer?" he queried sharply. "Now

we're going on too fast. Ho yes. Now we're getting previous. Thought you weren't a crystal-gazer!"

"I understand you to say..."

"Two hundred quid!" he said softly and pleadingly. "And the key in your hand. No outstanding debts. A miserable two hundred quid!"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Widdup, that you're wasting your time."

"No, I ain't," he shouted, flaring up. "I'll tell you who's wasting my time. You are. And my brains. And my experience. I'd have been out of this lot weeks ago only for you. Oh, but that's you all over, that is. Know your sort? I think so. Two hundred quid's nothing to you. It's Life to me, see, it's Life. You're refusing me Life!"

And he whirled out of my kitchen, and down the little path he had worn for himself, for the last time. As he climbed over the fence I heard him mimicking my accent. "I'm afraid, Mr. Widdup, you're wasting your time. You are, you know. Cor, Mother."



"Oh, stop this 'They still in?'"

Cat at a Hot Party

THANK God I'm not a dipso
Like Dollie over there.
Never seen a woman nip so
And what about her hair?
It isn't that I hate her.
It's not that I'm a meanie.
But the pity of it...

Waiter!

A double Dry Martini!

Thank God I'm not addicted
To dope like Daisy Mae.
I hear she's been restricted
To fourteen grains a day.
I know she was unlucky
When her husband left the scene,
But the pity of it...

Ducky,

Have you a Benzedrine?

Thank God I'm not a trollop
Like Ann—the so-and-so!—
With her umpteenth pint of wallop
And her umpteenth beau in tow.
I don't dislike the fellow
And I'm crazy about Ann,
But the pity of it...

Hello,

You great big handsome man!

PAUL DEHN

But was it Mr. Chaplin?

By CHARLES REID

THE vouched-for technician from Shepperton was drinking Bolzano and schnapps at a club bar in S.W.7. I had vaguely seen his profile somewhere before, probably on one of those Nineveh bas-reliefs in the B.M. I said I supposed Mr. Chaplin laughed consumedly (didn't he, huh?) when Laurie Lupino Lane and partner did their wallpapering act on Stage C for Mr. Chaplin's new film. All those gallons of slopped paste. All those webs of wet, clinging pieces at one-and-eleven a piece, patterned with red cabbages and roast ribs.

The technician turned a sleepy eye on me and said if I wanted a writer's line on Mr. Chaplin at Shepperton it would cost me money, and by money he meant fifty pounds. Then he gave an eldritch titter. Clear case of alcoholic whimsy. I hacked my way out through soup into the healing, lamplit night.

A stocky man at the studio gate wore muscles, needling eyes, peaked cap and chrome tunic buttons as issued to policemen outside Royal Ordnance Factories. After checking my name on his cubbyhole list he waved me across a tatty location park, all lily ponds and gravity tanks, to the publicity man, who is young, humorous and not, I think, entirely happy.

I wasn't to believe a thing I saw in the grounds, he said. How did I like their new spun-nylon grass? And the pine trees with bakelite bark? Mr. Chaplin? Not to worry. He had gathered me plenty of nice, clean dirt. *A King in New York*, now in its seventh week of shooting, was only half a day behind schedule, thanks to Mr. Chaplin's brisk, driving agility. At sixty-seven Mr. Chaplin made the publicity man, who is forty years younger, feel like a palsied ancient. Mr. Chaplin, chauffeur-driven, reached Stage C every morning at half-eight after a night's refreshing sleep at a country hotel outside Shepperton. Went straight to his dressing-room and got into costume for the day's shooting. Then sat for his make-up man two doors down the corridor. Then on to the floor for a preliminary talk with . . .

"Don't bother telling me more," I

breezed. "I'll get it all out of Mr. Chaplin himself."

The publicity man winced with anguish, and his eyes began to run about like mice.

Well, he said, I knew how it was, didn't I? Mr. Chaplin was a Creative Artist. Went around creating madly from breakfast until six daily, week-ends barred. Never a minute to spare. Not a cat on a tin roof's chance of seeing him at work. Mr. Chaplin was a Creative Artist, or had he said that before? Strangers on the set would distract him from his Creative Mission. Yes, yes, it was true he had promised to buttonhole Mr. Chaplin and ask would he please see Mr. Reid and that he hadn't buttonholed Mr. Chaplin at all. Sorry about that, but didn't I see it would have been quite, quite useless? Didn't I realize Mr. Chaplin had turned down every daily, every mag in the world and wasn't listening any more, didn't seem to hear any more? All he could offer me was a lunch-hour peek at Mr. Chaplin off duty.

Our table in the studio restaurant was flanked by window boxes full of jungle. While a hairy green tendril made passes at my claret glass, the publicity man went on enumerating the things he couldn't do for me. No point in seeing Mr. Chaplin's dresser or Mr. Chaplin's make-up man. They wouldn't and couldn't say a thing. Did Mr. Chaplin, as the King in New York, ever wear a crown? He'd rather not say, if I didn't mind. Synopsis of the story? Well, hardly. Mr. Chaplin didn't believe in pre-publicity.

After wrestling with me thus for forty minutes the publicity man phewed with relief and said "Here he comes."

The King was wearing a seedy pin-stripe suit and wing collar with raspberry bow tie. He moved briskly down an aisle behind a fender of white, smiling teeth, and bowed acknowledgments right and left. He sat down two tables away. His white hair, thinning and curly, had a blue-rinsed look. I stood up, intending to move over with affectionate, out-stretched hands, but two deadly green mambas slid from the jungle behind me and lashed my ankles to my chair legs. Sensing a writer's presence the King



Hollywood

"At one time, I understand, she was employed in London by" a company called Messina and Co.

wiped the smile off his face and threw a bitter blue glance in my direction; it fell a foot short and made a thud like a loaded dart. Then he turned to his table mate, a young man with shaven black jowls and a white raincoat, and smiled again. Under beige make-up a fan of wrinkles came and went at the corner of his eye.

Though sear, battered and broken by sudden afternoon yawns, the King's smile was in essence the same as that which made me melt with adoration as a cinema-going child in the days of *The Emigrant*, *Easy Street* and *A Dog's Life*. But could I be sure of the sameness? On my homeward way through the nylon grass and the bakelite trees of the location park I remembered the publicity man's warning that in this world you can't believe a thing. Perhaps the King wasn't Mr. Chaplin at all. Perhaps Mr. Chaplin is making his film incognito, far from peekers and pryers, at Pinewood or Elstree or in the middle of the Great Gobi Desert. Perhaps the King we had seen at lunch was Mr. A. N. Other, who had been listed on the day's call-sheet as a stand-in. Perhaps the whole of Shepperton was an electronic mirage.

Flicking a baby deadly green mamba from my left ear, I climbed into the train and fingered my underlip uncertainly all the way to Waterloo.



A Scream in Bond Street

By CLAUD COCKBURN

JUST, incidentally, forget that stuff about boiled cabbage and How reserved are the English? It's the oldest kind of hat. Out of date.

Chancing to hear an American girl giving out small, nearly *sotto voce* screams in Bond Street the other afternoon, I overcame my English reserve and came out with the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question. "Just what," I said, "seems to make you scream?"

Her reply was to do with taxi-drivers. The situation was as follows—and if you think any of this trivial you had better remember first about Anglo-American relations and then about dollars. How to get them. The dear, dear long green without which our Empire As We Know It would quite possibly be caught at silly mid-on.

Well, there she was, staying safely enough at the Hotel Westbury, and she took this taxi-cab to keep an appointment at the Hotel Ritz and the taxi-driver was just terribly, terribly nice. A peach.

It cost her but little time to get from one end of Bond Street to the other, but in the little time it took she took quite a shine to that taxi-driver. Different, she said, from the way taxi-drivers are in New York.

I said that in my opinion taxi-drivers in New York are good men too. She admitted that to be the case, but pointed out—a point which had to come out some time—that they were not English. She had a point there.

So then it seemed that this taxi-driver, after being such a peach, happened to pass the remark that he was also a Socialist. And the girl, getting back to the Westbury, said to a man she knew from *Time* magazine, which has its headquarters close by, that, though nice, the taxi-driver had proved to be a Socialist.

This man then said "If you think hard and face reality you will grasp that of the people currently surrounding you on the streets of London approximately forty-eight per cent are as apt as not to be Socialists."

He then, brutally, left her to file a story to New York, and there was this innocent American girl suddenly realizing that any minute now she could be faced with the blood-crazed Gaitskell mob doing U-turns with their tumbrils and holding up traffic.

It was this thought—a city very nearly half full of Socialists—which had started her screaming.

I find, on investigation, that this phenomenon is less rare than you thought. Since they are polite people Americans do not scream very loudly, but let not that deceive you into supposing that they are not filled with alarm.

Abandon, however, any notion that the thought of Gaitskell going about the country at liberty is the main thing which dams the dollar flow—and, just interpolating here, if I may get a word in edgewise before the American Express

Company takes up the story, the dollar flow is good.

If I can believe my ears the girl at the Westbury—I don't mean the screaming guest-girl, I mean the girl who is there to answer fool questions from investigators of the trend—said to me, along with a lot of other interesting information about that hotel (which is there to make Americans feel secure as they study maps of the Piccadilly Kasbah), that it is the practice there to provide, in each bathroom, three toothbrushes per guest.

I was about to comment on this, but see now that such comment would be frankly otiose.

Three toothbrushes. If Macmillan had known that, we probably would not have been in the spot we are to-day. The reason more Americans don't go to Burnley and the Lake District and Acton is just the fear that they will not have enough toothbrushes.

Then I said to this Westbury girl—realizing at once that she had all the answers—"Look," I said, "you know how it is when people go to Naples they say 'We don't want to stay in the sort of hotel that's just like the sort of hotels we have at home and as a matter of fact a man I know told me about a fascinating little albergo up the hill round the corner where you see the real Italy—or Spain or wherever it is we seem to be going'? Well," I said, "when the same sort of albergo-seeker comes to London, where does he go? South Ken? Or that fascinating caravanserai in Bloomsbury where they blow bugles to get people out of bed in time for the next lot?"

She said—and mind you this is the Westbury talking—"I imagine if they are looking for local colour they go to the Dorchester or the Savoy or some other native inn."

The consensus, and this includes a man from *Time* who wishes everyone well, was that the only thing that bothers Americans in England is the fact that the English do not always give you a bath with your room.

It is a fact which frightens them terribly. Admittedly there are not that many baths in the United States either, and a man at the American Consulate agreed, on severe cross-examination, that a lot of Americans do not actually use the baths upon the presence of which they insist. But they do so insist,

and when the Olde Englishe hotelier tells them there is a bathroom right next door they shun us and go to Rome.

This may be connected with the fact that they also—it is complaint Number Two and has long superseded that thing about no ice water and the beer is warm—find the country intolerably cold. All right, argue about it. Get statistics. Be logical. But don't try to tell me the Americans don't find Britain cold, because they do. This is a definite fact arising from my definitive investigation.

Springing, however, to the bright side, all interviewed experts agreed on one piece of intelligence which will bring good cheer to many a heart—namely that the Americans (not all, but a majority) believe the British to be honest. The pause for laughter being over, I may go on to point out—for what it may be worth to you and you and you—that whereas if an American has to pay ten francs more than he

thought he would in a French restaurant he raises Cain and urges abolition of NATO and kindred projects, in Britain he pays up with a smile and excuses himself for his foolish error.

This is one of our national assets, and I only hope it endures.

The other is that if you get your little girl to make a tatty little bag, stamp it "Made in Britain" and send her out to sell it to some American for about ten guineas, the same reaction is found.

Absolute Honesty and Good Sound Craftmanship are what we have, and if only we could find an hotel for our own Honest Sound Craftsmen to reside in while they fish the Gulf Stream the balance of payments would look as rosy as a take-over bid.

This unfortunately is not the case, and only this week the travelling salesmen of Britain have had to issue a statement to the effect that in their

opinion there ought to be a place to lie down.

Through the United Commercial Travellers' Association these nomad British have stated, without, I should have thought, fear of successful contradiction, that an hotel ought to be a place "where there are facilities for sleeping and eating as well as drinking. It does not matter how big or palatial the pub is, to our mind it is still a pub unless we can sleep there."

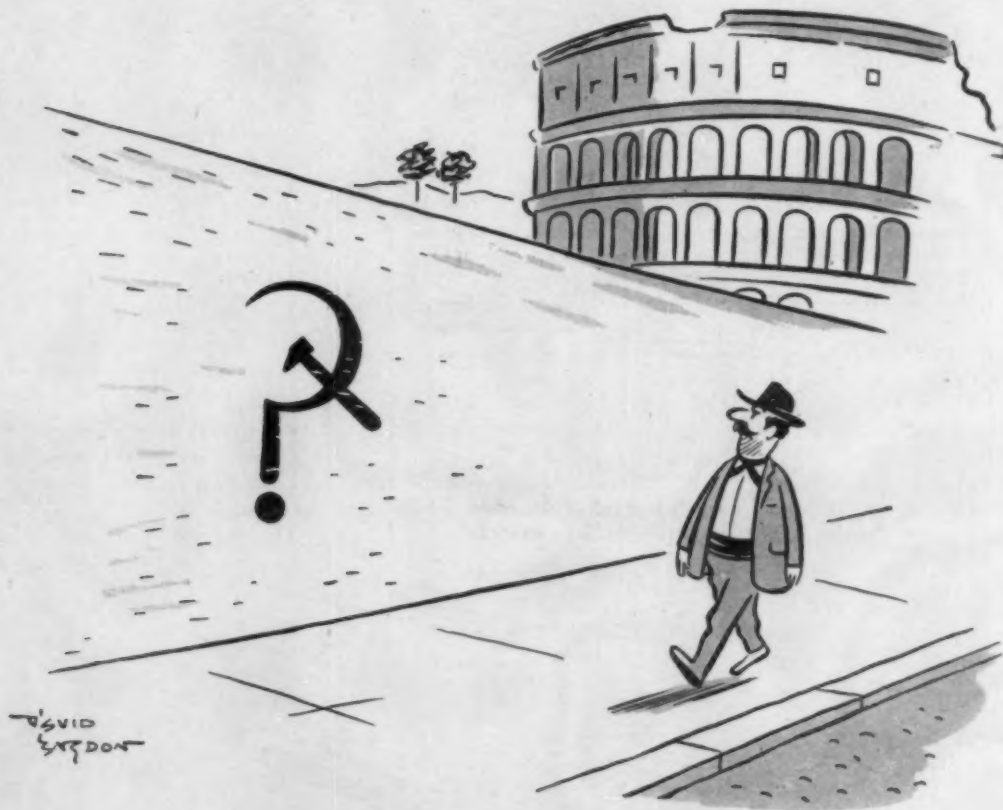
That is true.

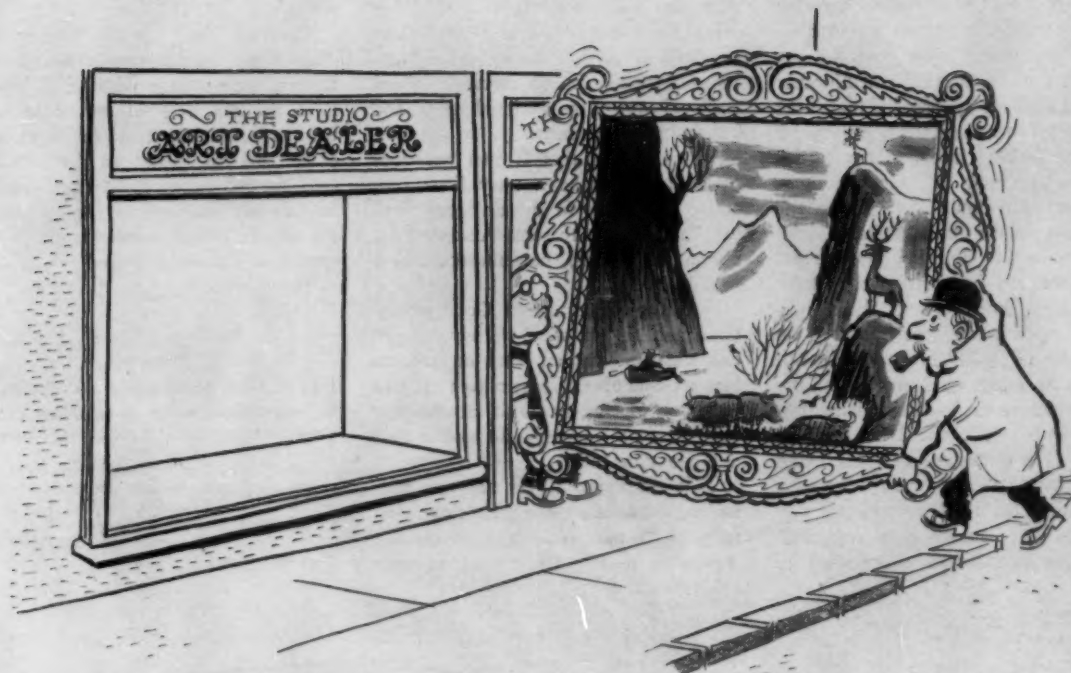
"Here's how to curtsy before the Queen. Ex-débutante Susan Hampshire, 22 (right) instructs the 1956 debs.

Susan has recently caused a stir in society circles by doing a cabaret act clad in a short towel. She also danced the Can Can in the revue *The Lights Were Amber* . . ."

Daily Mail

Just the girl.





Fuel for He-Men

By LORD KINROSS

DRUGS, LUNCH, runs the notice above the drug store; **FUEL, FOOD**—or, more ambiguously, **EAT AND GET GAS**—runs the notice beside the highway. In its down-to-the-pavement fashion America sees food as the refuelling and maintenance of the body. Hence these eclectic establishments—hot dogs with gasoline, milkshakes with glycerine suppositories.

The bodily fuel of the New World derives, in its essence, from the Old, but with American enterprise goes one bigger and better. Its basic element is the sandwich—but a sandwich which has grown, as the house has grown into the skyscraper, to three tiers, four tiers, five. "Snacks around the Clock" may mean, in American terms, a triple-decker ham, salami and knackwurst roll, glorified with relishes; or half a cold young turkey with salad and French Fried, bursting out from between slices of hot-buttered toast; or a shoal of plump jumbo shrimps, with potato frills and Cole Slaw, reposing on a soft toasted bun.

The mere Briton, his jaw span still relatively backward, guiltily scrapes bacon and eggs or steak and veg. from their double-beds of bread, then shamefacedly calls upon a scornful waitress for a knife and fork. The mere German, refuelling in a Hamburg Heaven, is similarly shamed to encounter the Hamburger with a College Education, amid Kingburgers, Beefburgers, Steakburgers, Baconburgers, Cheeseburgers and Twinburgers of super proportions. The mere Italian, watching a chef tossing *Pizza* in the window ("Fix U a Pizza"), reads "Wait till you've tasted *Pizza* made with Hunt's Tomato Paste," and exclaims aloud "*O mamma mia!*"

"It's fun to eat out" is the compulsive slogan. On Sunday, "the Holy Day in which to rest, Dine mother out to serve her best." But on week-days too. The streamline kitchen in the New York apartment, with its white-enamelled armoury of sleek machines for freezing and deep-freezing, dish-washing and dish-drying, water-heating and air-cooling and cooking too, has a spick-and-span air of disuse. Nor does the faintest smell of food pollute it. Not

even when it is cooked in. The New World has frozen and cooled and heated away all smells.

All taste as well, the more jaded declare. At the bar of the Twenty-one, New York's elite restaurant, dark as a speakeasy, with waiters in hunting pink, meals from £5 a head, a cloakroom attendant earning £20,000 a year, and its own club tie for habitués with 21s all over it, a millionaire, rich in cotton from his lands in the South, enlarged to me on the wonders of his new cooker, operated by radar. It had only one inconvenience. The food it cooked tasted of nothing. He was thus obliged to have dishes flown over from Maxim's in Paris, and hotted. Anticipating week-end guests, he had now flown up in his private plane to meet a consignment of *Sole Dieppoise* and *Canard à la Presse*.

For the non-millionaire, as yet unblest with radar, eating out through the agency of a slot in an automat, a cafeteria tray or a mere waitress, there are indeed no smells—save a faint aroma of paper, cardboard and Cellophane,

containers of American eatables. But he finds taste enough still. Eating breakfast out, he may find it in such delicacies as Golden Brown Waffles with Bacon or Sausage and Maple Syrup, Hot Griddle Cakes with Tenderized Ham, Pork Chop with Grits, Cinnamon Toast, Prune Juice or a choice of cereals served with cream. (Mere Britons must learn to find it in cold milk with their coffee and hot buttered toast with the crusts on.)

Eating elevenses out, at the Chock Full o' Nuts or the chain soda fountain, he may find taste in a Hot Fudge Fantasy, a Nut 'n Fudge Fancifree, a Chocolate Dreamboat, or an ice-cream selected from twenty-eight varieties. Drinking a milk shake, he will ask for the new straws, with built-in chocolate.

At lunch-time a passer-by behind me inquired of his companion: "Where we gonna eat?"

"In the hash house," was the answer. "Where else?"

In the hash house the mere Frenchman will find in his menu no epithets bald and academic — no *Béarnaise*,





"One thing about Robert: never any argument about where we go for our holidays. Scarborough, Brighton, Torquay, Bournemouth—it's all the same to him."

Colbert, Smitane, Provençale—but dishes robustly described, with an uninhibited licking of the chops and a wealth of luscious detail. His *Côtelette de Veau* becomes "Tender Milk-Fed Veal, Pan-Fried in Pure Creamery Butter and served with tasty Tomato Sauce, Golden Fried Idahos and Tossed Green Salad"; his *Bifteck* a "JUMBO CHOPPED STEAK SIZZLING PLATTER. Choice Angus Steer Beef, thick cut, tender; pink center; charcoal broiled and served with Curley-cue Potatoes, French Fried Onion Rings, Fresh Mushroom Sauce"—all dished on to a spacious platter with a

separate compartment for each delicacy. This may be followed by a choice of Strawberry Shortcake, Cocanut Ice Cream Frappé, Almond Danish Strip, Apple, Cherry or Blueberry Pie, or Rice Pudding, all washed down with ice-cold water or ice-cold milk, ice-cold coffee or ice-cold tea.

Seeking more elegant establishments, he may be tempted by Sea Foods, his eye caught in the *New York Times* by the phrase SEXY SHRIMPS STUN SOPHISTICATES ("Curvaceous shrimp, embracing the saucy marriages of spices and wine, tantalizing taste-buds, luring

and tempting you to more") or perhaps by the Tastiest Shad Roe in Town.

Moving South to the gentler, even Frencher pastures of New Orleans, he may sample, in a restaurant which once was a bank, such a meal as the following:

Canapé Lorenzo

Hot lump crabmeat zestfully seasoned and anchovy crowned

or

Oysters Rockefeller

With an unforgettable dressing of spinach, exotic herbs, anchovies and absinthe.

Filet of Lake Trout Blange

Baked in a symphonic sauce: shrimp, oysters, crabmeat, mushrooms and wine. Named for our chef; need we say more?

Poulet Périgord

Boned chicken with an exotic stuffing of pâté and truffles, covered with a red wine sauce and served with Dauphine potatoes.

Brennan's Luncheon Salad Bowl

Colorful and refreshing—strips of ham, turkey, Swiss cheese and beets with mixed greens, tossed with French dressing and garnished with quartered tomato and hard-boiled egg.

Fraises Flambées

Louisiana strawberries on sliced pound cake, covered with meringue peaked to hold an egg shell which is filled with brandy and brought flaming to your table.

But the Americans are essentially a beef-eating race, carnivorous, for ever craving "man-size" steaks. Out West, in the rarer pastures of Chicago, in the heart of the stockyards where the rancher's trail ends, stands the Carnivore's Shrine. Here beasts by the ten thousand are crowded into pens, formed into queues, conveyed, like humans to the Subway, to sacrifice, destroyed by the latest machinery that the humans may eat them.

Here is the Stockyard Inn, where "the steak is born." Built in the style of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, with a post-chaise anchored outside the door, the inn, embodying also the Saddle and Sirloin Club, has its stools and its banquettes upholstered in cowhide, and a Matador Bar tastefully



"Sorry I'm late, chaps!"

frescoed with the prehistoric herds of the Dordogne caves. In a windowless luncheon-room, fluorescent with amber, the man-size eater studies a menu bound in a cowhide design. Then he proceeds to a throne, decked with steaks.

"Choose and brand your own steak," his menu instructs him. "Then we'll whisk it out for broiling." He may choose a Sirloin Room Special for £2 ("16 ounces of luscious eating. Specially selected and aged for tenderness and finish. Real he-man size—and wonderful"), a double one for £4 ("double the delight, doubly wonderful"), or a Saddle and Sirloin Very Special for £2 10s. ("World-famous. A single steak extra aged, specially cut and trimmed.") Alternatively he may prefer Roast Prime Ribs of Beef ("real corn-fed, with that 'just-right' marbling that ensures mighty tender eating") or Lamb Chops ("tender

young spring lamb... all dressed up in the latest style of french 'panties'").

So man devours beast, noting, as he does so, "two out-of-the-ordinary touches. The hot platter on which your steak reposes in all its glory is the one from which you are expected to eat. This helps keep the steak hot long as possible and all juices are retained. Secondly, your salad is placed at the right of your plate for modern American convenience... not at the left, in passé European style."

Thus edified, refreshed and re-fuelled, the modern American goes on his way.

"His secretary and right-hand-man 53-year-old Polycarpus Ioannides was inspecting a half-finished building with his arms folded behind him in a nearby street. Suddenly both were seized and flown to Nicosia by Helicopter."—*Daily Sketch*

Surprise for the Customs.

The Quiet Life

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care

A few bucolic pleasures bound,
Content to dig (*vide* Voltaire)
On his own ground.

Whose fork and spade, whose hoes and rakes

Supply him with sweet recreation
And revenues of which he makes
No declaration.

Whose produce, artfully displayed
Beside the teeming traffic's route,
Yields him a brisk, and unbooked,
trade

In flowers and fruit.

Thus let me live; nor strive to learn
How much I pocket on the sly
Or, glancing through my tax return,
Tell where I lie. E. V. MILNER

Glimpses of SOHO FAIR 1956

Summer of Soho



A STREET-WALKING CONTEST

"BEAT IT, LADY, I AIN'T TALKIN' "



A WAITERS' RACE



A GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

Is There a Zacharzewski Day?

By H. F. ELLIS

THE efforts made by appeals organizers to break through the hard crust of my resistance, down to the deep wells of generosity they believe to lie below, do not, in every instance, command my respect. There are still too many Trusts, Funds and Societies who suppose that I can be bowled over by a covering letter bearing the facsimile signature of a duchess or field marshal and enclosing a leaflet headed by a dim blue photograph of "A Corner of the Mixed Recreation Room." Facsimile signatures, however artfully fussed up to look like the real thing, do not deceive, much less kindle the affections; they merely exasperate. If the President or Patron or whoever it is cannot be bothered to sign his name in person, then I will not sign mine on a cheque in return—not even if the whole South Transept is riddled with flying ants, calling for urgent structural repairs estimated to cost at least £250,000.

Some pompous ass will ask whether I seriously suggest that a hard-pressed Earl or Knight of the Garter should sit down and sign seriatim all the thousands and thousands of circulars that an appeal campaign involves. The answer is no. I only say that if he is not prepared to do that, he should give up the dismal pretence that he is writing to me at all. I am not such a fool as to suppose that he actually *worded* the letter; some undecorated secretary or organizer did that. And if he doesn't sign it either, what personal link is left for my peer-loving heart to cling to? Am I expected to believe that Admiral the Earl of Doncaster, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., personally dictated the date or himself picked my name out of the directory with a gold pin? Bung the lot into the waste-paper basket, Millie, and

let the whole west wing of the reformatory crash to the ground.

If, instead of this bogus personal letter, they send a straightforward statement of their Urgent Need for One Million Pounds, with some duke's name printed in 10-point caps below, the case is altered. They get nothing out of me of course, but I keep my temper. I do not cry out, even when a Form of Covenant detaches itself from the main mass of literature and plunges into my coffee cup. On the contrary, I wish the undertaking well, and note with satisfaction that an Anonymous Donor has generously promised to double any sum I may send. He should be grateful to me for not taking advantage.

There remains the small but growing minority of organizations that exercise a little ingenuity. There is an increasing appreciation of the basic principle that if you want to gouge money out of a man you *must send him something that will result in an actual loss to the Society unless he does something about it*. A twopenny-ha'penny stamp, for instance. Not one of those machine-stamped return envelopes with a black rectangle in the top right-hand corner (which do not suggest expenditure to the ordinary mind) but a genuine coloured stamp, which is practically currency. What is one to do? Keep the stamp and swindle the society—or return the envelope empty and raise false hopes in addition to wasting their property? There is no way out. Shame is the spur. They have won, and money must change hands.

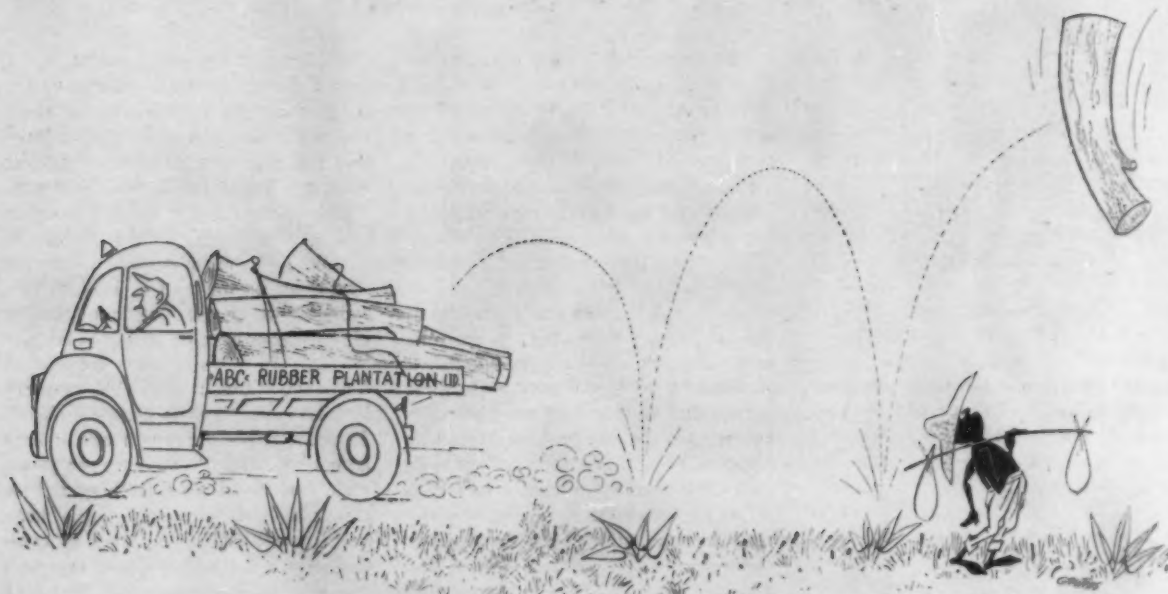
More ineluctable even than the thing that has to be returned is the thing that has to be passed on. I have lately been sent quite an elaborate folder, with drawings of a row of little houses down the right-hand side and the number of my own house against the top one. All they want me to do is to write in my neighbour's number against the second house and pass the folder on—unless I care, before doing so, to make use of one of the tear-off Donation Forms provided. How can I fail to do the former, when that would mean cutting the Society off from a possible flow of generosity right down one side of our street? And if I do the former, how can I fail to do the latter? My neighbour

would see at a glance that none of the tear-off forms had been used. It will not be suggested, I hope, that I should sink so low as to tear off the top form without any intention—no, no; the certainty that it will cross my neighbour's mind to wonder whether that is what I have in fact done is enough to rule out that possibility.

One is almost glad, in a way, to have money extracted by ingenuity of this calibre—always provided it doesn't become too widespread. But about Ellis Day, which fell this year on June 28, I feel less happy. It is pleasant, certainly, to be addressed by name, and there is a clannish pride which makes one hope that the ancient family will put up a good total. One can hardly expect, perhaps, to keep up with the Joneses, who occupy thirty-three columns of the telephone directory against our modest eight; but a desire to outdo, let us say, the Harveys (9 columns) inclines one to reach for one's cheque book. Whoever conceived the idea of appointing Smith Days and Green Days and Wilson Days and simultaneously circularizing the proud bearers of the chosen surnames deserves a mark for cunning. But what has so far stayed my hand is a lingering doubt about the fairness of the system. Is there not a risk that the commoner names may be called upon to shoulder the whole burden, while the more exotic slip unchallenged through the net? It may well be worth while to print three thousand "Browns" in the appropriate spaces or even to run off a few hundred "Griffiths," but what about the Magees, of whom there are only twenty-three in the London Postal Area? What of the Leboffs (9 entries)? Do the Bhattacharyyas (2), the Mutkins and the Hegeduscs (3 each) escape? Are the seven Krols utterly untapped? Is there a Ritblat Day? And what of the Oplateks and the Oplatkas, who even if lumped together by deliberate misspelling total only four? I should be glad to hear that some arrangement has been made—perhaps a consolidated Quaint Day—to scoop up all these unlikely fish.

Ingenuity is an admirable thing, but there must be equality of opportunity as well.





The Man with the Gun

By ANTHONY CARSON

IT was long ago, when you could get excited about waking up in the morning and looking at the early clouds. I had been discharged from a Dutch ship, and stood in Sydney Harbour with sixpence in my pocket. I wandered about the town, fretted, mooned about in the rusty parks where the grass crackled like a burnt carpet, made absurd schemes, and finally boarded a tram. The conductor came round and asked for my fare. He had one of those slight hatchet Australian faces with a sardonic tilt to his mouth. "Where to, chum?" he asked me. "China," I said. The sardonic mouth tightened, although it was perfectly true that I wanted to get to China. The Dutch ship had brought me back, ignominiously, all the way from Singapore because I hadn't had enough money to land. I had left New Zealand to penetrate China because I had read a book by a man who had turned his back on it all and married a girl called Moon Daisy. I now had the idea to work my way up to the Northern Territory, take a boat from Darwin and glide up the islands towards Malaya. All for Moon Daisy. And it really seemed quite simple.

The conductor, without altering his expression, informed me that it cost a shilling to get to the Terminus, on the edge of Sydney. "Half-way," I said, handing him my sixpence. He gave me a ticket and disappeared on his rounds. The tram clattered on, and I fell asleep. When I woke up the tram was still and the conductor was shaking my shoulder. "The Terminus," he shouted. When I had got out and was standing on the pavement he suddenly leant forward and gave me a packet. "A bit of a collection," he said. "I told them about China." The tram rattled its bell, spat some electric sparks and veered back to Sydney.

In those days Sydney ended suddenly and a primeval world tapped at your heart, the pearly gum-trees guarded a million years of secret peace and a kookaburra cackled over a prehistoric joke. It was formidable, lonely, and made you long for human company. I was glad to see a car coming along the road, and thumbed for a lift. The car stopped. "Come inside," cried the driver, and my Australian adventures began. At the end of the day I found myself in the Blue Mountains staying in an hotel and inspecting the waterfalls.

The following day I got another lift towards the North and Moon Daisy. After about a hundred miles the driver said he was branching off East ("No good for China") and pointed towards the homestead of a cattle station a mile and a half away. I walked towards it as though across an astonishing chess set, composed of paddocks, enclosures and dairy buildings. The horizon was enormous. I could see human figures, but they were dwarfed as I felt utterly dwarfed myself. The sun shone like a stranger. I wanted to shout for assurance.

Suddenly one of the tiny white figures approached me and seemed to be running. There was a feeling of urgency. When it had reached me I saw a stout woman in a white blouse. "Thank God you've come," she cried. "The boss has gone off his rocker. There's only us women and old Dave and the dogs. He's been firing off his gun at us." I tried to get the drift of this, and looked towards the peaceful-looking homestead with the smoke tapering out of the chimney. "Where is he now?" I asked, shifting a little. "We locked him in the wood-shed," said the woman. "We'd be glad for a man in the house. We've



got a good room, newly wallpapered, and the tucker's good." "Any work I can do?" I asked in a faint voice. "Never mind about work," said the woman. "There's old Dave and the men working out in the bush. Come along and have tea." She tugged at my arm and drew me towards the homestead. I was very hungry and I liked the sound of the newly-papered bedroom, as long as the boss was really locked up.

An hour later I tucked into tortoise-brown chops with tomato sauce and thief-thick Australian tea brewed from the last gasp of the tea-leaf. I heard the story of the boss. His name was Edgar Robinson and he was seventy-three years old. The stout lady was his housekeeper, and she had two daughters Lily and Rose. "Rose is a bad girl," she said; "she led poor old Edgar a hell of a dance and promised to marry him, and now she owns half the farm, two tractors, two automobiles, a pearl necklace and all the dogs. When she turned him down he ran for his gun and began shooting. Have some more chops." I accepted three more and another dense cup of black tea. Rose and Lily joined us at the table. They were both pretty, but Lily was rather thin and glum. Rose had a gipsy face, merry as a hawthorn, and never stopped laughing about Edgar. "False teeth and a metal stomach," she said, crunching her chop. "Why don't you go and see him? Knock at the wood-shed door. Here's the key." Her mother expostulated, but Rose kept looking at me with a dare in her eye. I took the key and walked out of the cookhouse towards the woodshed. I stood there for a few minutes and then knocked.

"Who is it?" asked a frail, educated voice behind the door. "Me," I said. "Who are you?" "An Englishman," I said. "What are you doing here?"

asked the voice. "I am going to China," I said. There was a fairly long pause. "May I come and see you?" I said. "By all means," replied the voice. I turned the key in the lock, opened the door slowly and peered into the shed. Under the light of a naked bulb a long, thin man was lying on a pile of sacking reading a book. Beside him lay a gun. "Forgive me for not rising," he said, waving his hand, "the name is Robinson." "Mine is Carson," I said. I sat down on the floor beside him, and suddenly we were talking about Naples. He had never been there, but he seemed to have an extraordinary interest in Vesuvius. "Does it smoke like a cigar?" he asked me. "Like a beautiful cigar," I said. "How lucky you are to have seen it," he said. "You are only a young man, but you have something rich to remember. It gets very lonely here, you know." "Do you want to come back to the house?" I asked, making a tentative gesture towards the gun. "No," he shouted suddenly, and then his voice softened. "Thank you for the talk about Vesuvius. Remember, young man, it is only too easy to forget about things like that. Lock the door on the outside. Good-bye." "Good-bye," I said, and locked the door.

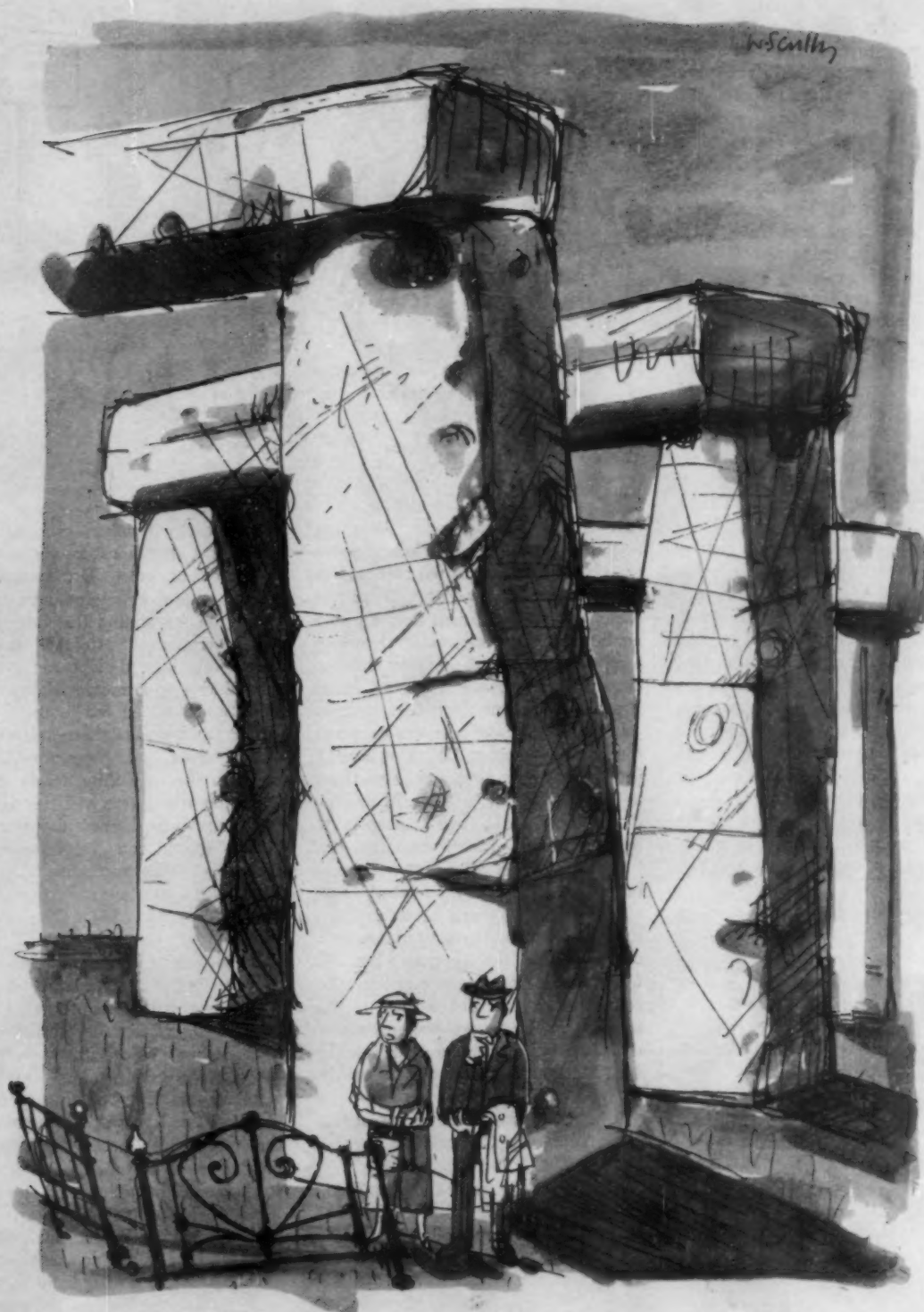
I stayed in the house four more days. They had let the old man out and he seemed quite peaceful. I left for the North and Moon Daisy. Lily had given me a little white dog called Spin. As I got back on to the road I thought I heard two shots ring out.

5 5

"Mrs. Elizabeth Streek (Chairman) gave a talk on Spain, including a description of a bull fight at the luncheon meeting of Cowplain and Waterloo Ladies Club."

Portsmouth and Southsea Evening News

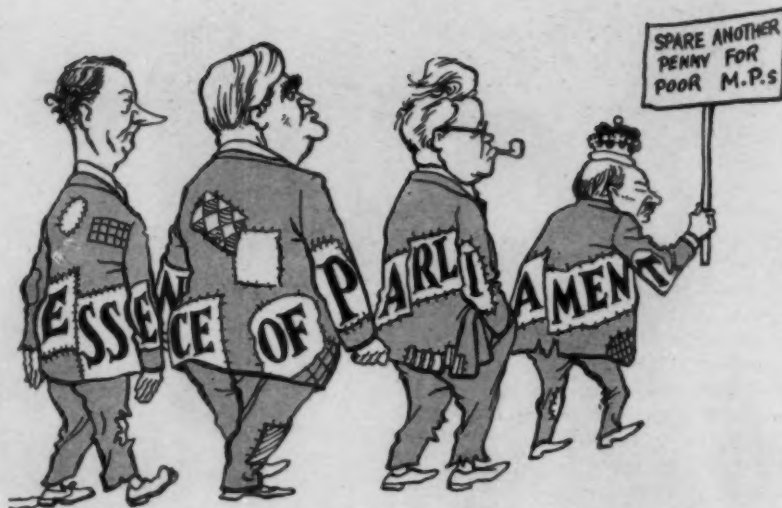
R.S.P.C.A. please note.



"However did they get here?"

CULTURE, it seems, is humming. Mr. Nehru, on the way to the Commonwealth Conference, had not time to stop at the Acropolis. So he just got special leave to fly round it in an aeroplane, and *The Times* leading article paid tribute to "the Hellenic tradition" out of which the Commonwealth had grown. The Minister of National Insurance, said Miss Joan Vickers, is "probably the first Minister who has given his blessing to potential polygamy," but it will not cost him much "because the more educated women are against the system." They prefer on the modern plan to have their husbands one at a time, and it is a pity that in the midst of all this highbrow hum Mr. Duncan Sandys, in defiance of Mr. Kershaw, Lord Conesford and the Fine Arts Commission, should persist in letting them build Battersea Tower. Mr. Kershaw with two Conservative colleagues has put down a motion against it—the latest Conservative revolt. But it is an ill wind that blows no one any good and if only on his next visit to London Mr. Nehru would content himself with flying round and round the Tower and not landing, its ugliness will perhaps have not been reared in vain.

The earlier stages of the resumed Finance Bill were mainly taken up with Members apologizing for using the phrase "middle class." Democracy is a state of society in which people have class distinctions but call them by different names, and in such a debate



Mr. Angus Maude, who does not hesitate to call a spade a spade and a class a class and even writes books to say so, came out the best. There was pretty general agreement that it would not be practical politics to let school fees escape income tax. Too many children chasing too few schools, thought Colonel Bromley Davenport, and Mr. Douglas Jay, while not quite prepared to accept the French slogan of "Work or breed," yet thought that there was something to be said for Mrs. Jay. Mr. Macmillan did not want the public schools to become a battle-ground of controversy. "Playing Fields of Eton. No Battles to be fought here" was his motto. There was also pretty general agreement that it would be a good plan to increase the tax allowance for children, but the Chancellor, though sympathetic, just could not afford the money at the moment. The proposal was made from the Socialist benches and rejected by Mr. Macmillan. The debate was an almost word-for-word repetition of that of 1946 when the proposal was made from the Conservative benches and rejected by Dr. Dalton.

All this time a tea-party to the V.C.s was going on in Westminster Hall, and when the division bell rang M.P.s downed their cups and bolted for it. The more optimistic V.C.s, it was alleged, thought that the place was on fire.

The entertainment tax provided a curious Dutch auction among the

sports, each Member praising most highly that sport most favoured by his or her constituents. Dr. Summerskill wanted more entertainment tax on boxing on the ground that boxing was not entertaining. Colonel Bromley Davenport wanted less tax on the ground that it *was* entertaining. Mr. Ellis Smith batted for football. Mr. Arthur Lewis praised the moral influence of dog racing. But the general upshot was that the only thing to do was to scrap the whole tax, and this became even more clear the next day when the House moved on from sports to theatres. "The footlights," said Sir Beverley Baxter, "are going out all over England." Mr. Macmillan gave a pledge that he would think about doing something next year—jam perhaps to-morrow; but never, alas, to-day.

Members were more interested in the cuts; and when they came, more interested in the question When is a cut not a cut? Were we really saving or were we merely postponing spending? On the whole it seemed for the moment the latter. But these were only preliminaries—to keep Mr. Osborne quiet. Real changes of policy, said the Prime Minister and the Chancellor, could only come after agreement with our allies, and the impression was that they were coming, and that before long, in order to save the Welfare State and the water supply at Mr. James Johnson's birthplace, Britannia was going to stop ruling the waves in quite a big way.



And what would that mean? The Waterhouse lobby is nervous about Cyprus. Mr. Minto, seeing how rare a bird these days is the pro-British, has started, Mr. Lennox-Boyd had sadly to confess, to put up his price, and other people are beginning to ask whether Mr. Minto has not missed the bus and whether it is worth our while paying through the nose to have a naval base if we are not at the end to possess either a nose or a navy.

Rabbits, the Minister of Agriculture confessed to Sir Alfred Bosom, have reappeared in Kent, and indeed there are those who think that they have observed them even as far north as Lord's; but it was to betting that the Upper House mainly turned its attention. Lord Astor wanted to have betting shops, as in Ireland, and no bookies; and Lord Pakenham, who rated betting a little below drink but a good deal above a lot of other even naughtier things, wanted to keep a hold of punting "for fear of getting something worse." But noble lords who had no objection to a good, honest fight at the right time and between the right people, rightly enough did not like the sort of scraps in which race-gangs got themselves involved. They at any rate had no mind to go to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Rock, and bookies for this evening were, Lord Mancroft decided, "definitely non-U."

At the end of Thursday's questions Mr. Macleod answered up quite competently about the Birmingham motor workers, and Mr. Elliot, astute Parliamentary tactician, tried to take advantage of the statement to move the adjournment of the House and thus get the Death Penalty Bill held back. But the



Sir Brian Robertson

Speaker was not born yesterday and would not wear that one. One had thought that there was nothing more that could conceivably be said about capital punishment, and for that reason of novelty, if for no other, the House was grateful to Mr. Arbuthnot for his extraordinary proposal that murderers should be whipped. But Mr. Peter Rawlinson, not himself an abolitionist, dealt with it completely in an excellent little speech and it only mustered 58 votes.

For the rest Mr. Simon, as always, made a sensible speech in favour of his amendment to allow the courts to vary the penalties for murder, but the whole fun of the evening was Mr. Silverman's

successful manoeuvre to get out of the bill the one exception that up to the present had crept into it—the exception that there could be hanging for the murder of warders. Sir Hugh Lucas Toth had on the paper an amendment for rewriting that exception in somewhat more elegant language. Mr. Silverman's notion was that if only the House could be persuaded first to vote against a motion that the existing words stand part and then against the words of the new amendment, then there would be nothing left of the offending clause except the words "Provided that this." Seeing the way that the wind was blowing, Sir Hugh Lucas Toth refused to move his amendment but Mr. Silverman, with the Speaker's consent, then moved it himself and asked the House to vote against it. Mr. Turner Samuels made a fuss about this as "not honest and candid," but those old Parliamentary hands Sir Robert Boothby and Mr. Walter Elliot, the one an abolitionist, the other anti-abolitionist, made short work of this complaint. Mr. Silverman was indulging in a perfectly legitimate Parliamentary manoeuvre and was entitled to take what advantage he could of the rules of the House. He took that advantage and as a consequence was able to get both the old and the new amendment out of the bill, leaving in it nothing but the words "Provided that this." These words, the Speaker decided, could be excised as meaningless, and therefore the Bill left the Commons as a bill for full abolition and in exactly the same form as that in which it had originally been introduced, except only for the agreed exception of Northern Ireland.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"Mr. Boyd Carpenter . . . the first Minister who has given his blessing to potential polygamy."—Miss Joan Vickers

Usque Tenebo

By FRANK SHAW

"YOU are the biggest bore in Liverpool Press Club," I said to Barny.

Barny finished his tale and answered, "I know I am."

That is one of the two unfailing signs of the superlative bore. He knows he is a bore. The Ancient Mariner was quite well aware he was as out-of-place in the vicinity of a wedding as a midwife.

The other sign is his being completely at ease.

Barny sank deeper into his armchair.

"And how many bores have you met?"

"You forget I have been a town councillor," I said.

"And I," Barny reminded me, "was a Civil Servant. In the Customs. In no branch of public life—"

"In Council business," I said, "one meets an even—"

Many had turned from the bar to overhear and the click of the snooker balls had ceased. The literary editor of a highbrow paper laid down the sprightly British weekly whose name he

always pronounces in perfect French. "The Point Killer is almost the worst," I continued. "Just as one reaches the absolute nub of one's anecdote he finishes it or sneezes or spills a drink on a lady's dress or hears the baby upstairs falling out of bed."

"What about," asked Barny, "the Olympics Champion? The fellow who can perform amazing physical feats? I had one of these characters wrestling himself in a corner for twenty minutes by the clock."

"One of the worst is Deadly Nightshade. He need say nothing. His very presence gives one gooseflesh, a veritable frisson—"

"There are," said Barny, arranging used matchsticks in a complex pattern about the base of his glass, "the blokes—often ill-educated—who use tags of Latin and French filched from the backs of dictionaries. I remember—"

"One I had under me in the Home Guard was always on about *hoc genus omne* and *esprit de corps*. One night he stopped a taxi in Lime Street and said 'Quo vadis?' I said 'Come on, Johnny, I'm in loco parentis to you.'"

"There is also," pressed on Barny, "Can I Help You? or I Can Get It For You Wholesale. You have only to mention a need—a new job, suit, secretary, wife—"

"You mean the Fixer. What about the Repetitious Drunk and the Er Man or Broken Record—?"

"What about Top Secret and the Quoter and the Memory Man? Car-owners alone—"

My eyes were half-closed as I traced my thoughts on the ceiling.

"And the Gardener?" I said. "None of them is as bad as the Great Lover. One always knows that, if one bothered about *l'amour*, one could oneself quite easily . . . All women are bores, of course. But for sheer unadulterated reidium the Female Lothario . . ."

I bent to see how Barny would take the somewhat outré *pia fabula* I was about to narrate by way of illustration.

His chair was empty. There was no one at the bar either and the snooker tables were completely deserted.

Yes, I know, I know. In fact I am reminded . . .



"What a nuisance. I felt sure he'd like you."



Take Over Bods

ENGLAND expects that every man, woman and child will now invest—in Premium Bonds, savings certificates, gilts, industrial ordinaries and Success. The goal, apparently, is a property-owning democracy in which we all own the National Debt, the nationalized industries and the productive resources of that sector of the economy known as private enterprise.

We are urged to invest in industry. Every "Express Man" of the future will have a stake in Britain's economic policy and industrial profits to go with his car, wife, gadgets and pipe. Investment, we are told, is splendid provided that it doesn't get completely out of hand.

No, it mustn't get out of hand. We don't want people investing so hard that they acquire controlling interests in business undertakings. We don't want take-over bods, the unseemly scrambling to power of Clores and Frasers, and dangerously tempting offers for "our" oil from cunning imperialist marauders in Texas. Or do we?

The piffle written about take-over bods makes one despair of our industrial democracy's ability to extricate itself from the shackles of die-hard conformity and small "c" conservatism. People put their money into industry because they think it will do them more good there than elsewhere. A bright boy tries to obtain control of an established industrial unit because he thinks he can do better with its resources than the existing management. His offer, made openly, advertises his optimism and confidence. The shareholders have the right to accept or reject the offer, just as they have the right, en bloc, to reshape the business and its management if they are dissatisfied with profits, progress or prospects.

In an age when inflation has hardened the arteries of far too many of our older businesses the take-over bod is an inevitable phenomenon—inevitable and necessary. Every branch of industry is handicapped by immobility. Labour

and skill take far too long to move from zones of industrial stagnation to work offering the rewards of high productivity. Capital takes root in relatively unremunerative blind alleys when it might be transplanted in broad progressive thoroughfares.

In 1953 Mr. Clore made a successful take-over bid for J. Sears & Co. (True-Form Boot Co.) Ltd. The move has prospered. Shareholders have seen their capital grow by 400 per cent, their dividends have climbed handsomely, and their business has grown and proliferated. And these results have not been achieved by robbing Peter to pay Paul or milking the business.



In the Money

THIS article will certainly get me put into Coventry by many of my friends who live in the West Country. But it's about time somebody blew the gaff on the country racketeers who are milking the Welfare State for a pastime.

I don't suppose any of you who take your annual holidays in rooms at some Devon fishing village have ever asked for a receipt when you have paid your bill. You would probably demand one at an hotel. But you think that you can hardly expect that homely old lodging-house keeper or farmer's wife to keep books. You are right, she doesn't. And I dare say you think that she asks for payment in cash because she is too simple to keep a bank account.

I know of cottages on the coast here where the sweet old landladies have taken at least £15 a week for letting rooms from May until mid-September. They must be putting over £300 in their teapot, most of it profit since their rent is under 10s. a week. Few of them are ever asked to make any returns, none of them pays any income tax. But the racket only begins there. Because since the lodging house is in the wife's name, her husband claims to be unemployed. Perhaps he does a few odd jobs about the house in the season, but the winter finds him comfortably on the dole.

At the moment a dozen businesses are involved in rumours of take-over bids—among them Carreras, Dennis Bros., and H. & M. Rayne—and nothing is more certain than that further rumours are on the way. There are dangers in this buccaneering upsurge of private enterprise, and none more deadly than the possibility of industry falling into the hands and under the thumbs of financiers instead of industrialists. The quick profit is often something to be sneezed at.

The most useful function of the take-over bods is to scatter drawing-pins of acute anxiety on the seats of complacent board-rooms. MAMMON

* * *

This summer salmon has been plentiful. The licence to fish here costs £5. I used to watch the fishermen circling the river and hauling their nets. Often they would catch twenty fish at one tide. The average salmon weighs ten pounds and would fetch 8s. per lb. That would mean £80 per haul to divide between the three men in the boat. Not bad when the tide turns twice a day and the salmon runs throughout the summer. One of the fishermen, while celebrating his good fortune in the local pub, was indiscreet enough to boast to me that this season had not proved as good as last year's when he had cleared £2,000.

"But I suppose most of that went in tax?" I sympathized.

"No harm in your supposing," he replied, turning to the barmaid who automatically filled his glass with whisky.

There are now other privileged classes beside salmon fishermen on the dole. These include taxi-drivers, who make enough in the summer to hire cars to ride about in themselves during the winter; owners of speed-boats who give you a thrill but never a ticket; not to mention the ice-cream vendors and café-owners. . . . During the winter the West Country takes a holiday and a paid one at that.

It's true that one or two of this idle élite will deign to do an odd day's work on a farm now and again—if the farmer fetches them in a car, doesn't overtax their strength, and promises not to mention their casual earnings to the Labour Exchange or the collector of income tax.

These are the rackets which are taking the men from the land—for not even a village idiot is going to work for £7 a week when he can get £3 10s. for staying in bed with his summer savings as a pillow.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Criticus Americanus

The Shock of Recognition. Edited by Edmund Wilson. W. H. Allen, 45/-
Red, Black, Blond and Olive. Edmund Wilson. W. H. Allen, 25/-

MOST people (at least in this country) if asked who was the foremost American literary critic would reply "Edmund Wilson, I suppose." There might be a touch of Gide's "*Victor Hugo, hélas!*" about this answer, but I much doubt whether, at the conversational level, Mr. Wilson would find a serious rival. Here we have two books, one edited, the other written by him, which together provide a good opportunity for considering his methods and his scope.

The first of these volumes is a selection of critical pieces produced by distinguished American writers on the subject of other distinguished American writers since American literature came to birth at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A few English opinions (H. G. Wells, D. H. Lawrence) are also included to round off the picture, but these scarcely affect the impact of a record beginning with Lowell on Poe and ending with Sherwood Anderson's correspondence with Van Wyck Brooks. Mr. Wilson provides a thread of commentary. The result is an entertaining and informative chronicle.

Red, Black, Blond and Olive brings together four studies on the subject of places and people observed: the Zuni Indians of New Mexico (1947), Haiti (1949), Soviet Russia (1935) and Israel (1954). Here, too, is a great deal of interesting material. The Russian section, much the longest, is of course written in the tone of the period; but the author has—I think rightly—judged that his views should appear unrevised.

One of the first things apparent in Mr. Edmund Wilson's approach is that every American writer, of any standing whatever, has influenced him to at least some degree. We find the romanticism of Poe united to the knowingness of Twain, the apocalypticism

of Melville side by side with the astringency of Mencken, the egotism of Thoreau with the urbanity of James. One could go on for ever—or at least as long as there are American writers to invoke.

This variegation is no bad thing in a critic; but on account of its very wideness of scope Mr. Wilson's point of view



veers about in what at times seem mutually contradictory directions. One side of him is decidedly sentimental, more than a trifle bad-tempered, intermittently naïve, once in a way rather over-anxious to show himself a dog with the girls; the other is enormously perceptive—not only where writing is concerned but also in grasping character or appreciating the beauties of scene—tolerant of intolerable conditions and quite willing to admit his own changes of opinion and mistakes.

He shared, for example, some of that enthusiasm for Soviet Russia characteristic of the intellectuals of the 'thirties. (That was surely the true "Treason of the Intellectuals," who, after all, had as much opportunity to learn then, as later, of the methods of a Communist régime.) However, less gullible and flabby than many who

believed as he did, Mr. Wilson not only lived in Russia for several months but also fell ill there and survived an interlude of treatment in an Odessa hospital.

One of the best things in *Red, Black, Blond and Olive* is the account of his Russian friendship in 1935 with the unfortunate Prince Mirsky, Professor of English and acute critic, who had made his peace with Marxism and returned to his native country. I myself was in Moscow the following year and often caught a glimpse of that bearded figure, formerly so familiar in Bloomsbury. The last time I saw him Mirsky was drinking champagne. It must have been a few weeks—perhaps even a few days—before his arrest as here recorded.

But it is not for nothing that Mr. Wilson's grandfather was, so he tells us, a Presbyterian minister. The shadow of that reproving Cynara is ever in the background. It matters not how Mr. Wilson strays from the Strait and Narrow—and in other works he has somewhat enlarged on this aspect of his own experience—the old puritanism can never quite be quelled. Nor can he wholly conquer that sturdy American belief that all life is odd, except that in force in the United States. He may grumble about Miami, where "I had the annoyance of removing encasements of Cellophane from the toilet-seat and the drinking tumbler," or the "steel towns" where you get menaced if you report a strike; but always in the end he gets back to American standards and American perfectionism. The disillusionment, if not of Europe, then of individual Europeans, irks him. He is the least frivolous man imaginable.

What conclusions then? That Mr. Wilson is a person of strong aesthetic perception, good at hitting off individuals and their eccentricities, passionately fond of literature. To this he has added a bit of an itch for politics and "social science." In these dangerous areas one feels him far less at home. He is like a good painter who can never resist making his canvases "problem pictures." One is distracted from colour and design by the triviality of

the "lesson." Sometimes Mr. Wilson seems to be trying too hard; at others, not nearly hard enough. Often irritating, he is also often worth reading; and, at his best, excellent; while *The Shock of Recognition* gives an excellent notion of the peculiarly "national" characteristics of American writing.

ANTHONY POWELL

Suzanna. Isobel Strachey. Cape, 13/6

When lovely Juliet Tancred, co-heroine of this novel, admired by all and herself half in love with young Timothy Harper, first appears on the scene riding to hounds, she rouses some pleasant anticipations which fade as she involves herself with an unattractively pious gentleman old enough to be her father and finally marries, rather carelessly, an artistic photographer who does not brush his teeth. Timothy, hankering all the while for Juliet, surrenders at first request to an amusing young nymphomaniac, the Suzanna of the title role, wife—perhaps—of Juliet's elderly philanderer, cheerfully exploits an innocent bigamy and keeps two "husbands" under one roof. In fine none of the younger people in this book seem to have an ideal or an aim that can be expected to last a year. The descriptions of the country and of some ways of daily life are excellent, but most readers, at the end of the book, will feel that they could not care less what happens to any of the people who wander through it.

B. E. S.

Sprig Muslin. Georgette Heyer. Heinemann, 13/6

Miss Heyer's "Regency Romances" form a well-known genre—and a very curious one when you come to think of it, for they are written on several levels at once. The plot of *Sprig Muslin* might have been borrowed from an Aldwych farce of the Ben Travers epoch, with the dialogue written in, after the manner of American films, by a moderately respectable friend of Harriet Wilson. The chief character, a mere piece of machinery to forward the action, is a young girl, an inventive but innocent liar, who has run away from home; the hero, constantly embroiled by her fictions, is a more than perfect nobleman of great wealth, charm and honour, a lady novelist's daydream; but the heroine seems to be almost a real person.

The author manages her period conversations with skill and consistency, and her book, at its various levels, is exciting and entertaining. Altogether, *Sprig Muslin* is probably the best thing Miss Heyer has yet done in this kind.

A. L. D.

A Mirror for Narcissus. Negley Farson. Gollancz, 16/-

Negley Farson is that rare case, a man with too much autobiographical material. This book follows on where *The Way of a Transgressor* left off twenty years ago; it whisks us, sometimes rather breathless,

from one continent to another on a round of inquiry that includes wartime Russia and an Arctic convoy thrown in for good Farson measure. He can dismiss in a paragraph a journey on which most authors would draw indefinitely, yet somehow has found time in his life to carve out long periods of retreat, seldom far from a trout-stream. His habit of dodging back into his earlier history can be puzzling, but whatever the time or place he is always racy and extremely readable, a first-rate reporter with a sturdily independent mind.

The background of the book is a personal summing-up which describes without self-pity his long struggle against his demon, gin. From the honesty of his approach one guesses that the battle may now be won.

E. O. D. K.

Bread Rather than Blossoms. D. J. Enright. Secker and Warburg, 10/6

In these disintegrated days poets tend to complain about the lack of a theme to write about, and many of them to write about that lack. Mr. Enright has almost too much theme; he has been living in Japan, where western social and economic missionizing, the belief that people should be "like us," is making odd whorls in the ancient oriental pattern of life; where the rich are rich enough and the poor fantastically poor; and where, in the back of people's minds, Hiroshima still stands as a huge symbol of desolation. Mr. Enright has compassion and indignation to spare, and is at his best in the half-world between satire and lyric; his ideas are lively, his turn of phrase striking but shading off into glib; he can be, occasionally, very soppy; his rhymes and rhythms are slack and, to my ear, rather dull, and though he has fished up a fascinating world with them, it has a rather desiccated air now that it is spread out upon the pages of his book.

P. D.

The Drama of the Scharnhorst. Corvette-Captain Fritz-Otto Busch. Robert Hale, 15/-

The life history of the *Scharnhorst* spans only a little over four years. This book, written by a German naval officer who took part in the Battle of Jutland, correlates accounts of both British and German officers and men. The epic of the last voyage is written in graphic detail to form a major portion of the book, which accentuates the high morale of the German Navy but is devoid of Nazism. Due tribute is paid to chivalrous gestures of the British Navy manifested by Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser in his address to ship and staff officers after the sinking of the *Scharnhorst*. "Gentlemen; the battle against the *Scharnhorst* has ended in victory for us. I hope that if any of you are ever called upon to lead a ship into action against an opponent many times superior, you will command your ship as gallantly as the *Scharnhorst* was commanded to-day."

A. V.

Free Love and Heavenly Sinners. Robert Shaplen. André Deutsch, 15/-

Mr. Shaplen gives a clear account of the Henry Ward Beecher scandal and puts it in its historical setting. It was much more than the matter of a famous preacher's being accused of seducing the wife of a leading parishioner. It focused all the opposition to the Emancipation of Women by linking one of its advocates to the extreme advocates of free love. It touched the profits of one of the most profitable of preaching churches and the respectability of an area of New York in which there had been heavy real estate speculation.

The secondary characters were as odd as those in the Lindbergh kidnapping. The behaviour of the injured husband, who swung between covering up the scandal and savagely exposing it, was as extraordinary as that of Beecher himself, who poured out denials, half-denials and half-confessions. Mr. Shaplen tells his tale briskly, quoting a good deal. He does not intrude and leaves the strange story to make its own impact.

R. G. G. P.

The Shorn Shadow. Peter de Polnay. W. H. Allen, 12/6

Miguelito, "the greatest matador since Joselito el Gallo, Juan Belmonte and Manolete," decides to abandon his career and flees to this country, "because there is in England something called R.S.P.C.A. and that makes it impossible for anybody to stage a bullfight." Mr. de Polnay now, himself, resident in

In Memoriam

WALTER DE LA MARE, O.M.

Moth-light and owl-light and morning,
Laughter and tears and pain,
The Questioner found no answer
And the Watcher looked in vain.

The shadow beyond the shadow,
The cry of a passing bird,
The Traveller came in silence
And found the enchanted word.

With a lamp in the sudden window,
With a tale to children told,
Who tells?—and who are the children?
Dark—and the woods are cold.

And not to the silvered moonlight
He turns, nor the midday beam,
For the singer sings no longer
And only the words may dream.

EVOE

Spain, records the Andalusian hero's misadventures with as lively a sense of humour as he displayed when chronicling his own youthful escapades in South America. The love-affair is handled with the delicate poignancy which we have come to expect from him, and which forms so vivid a contrast with the robustness of his characterization.

Miguelito's first visit, as a guest, to an English country house containing two tall and beautiful sisters and many assorted poodles, will delight the author's admirers, and his understanding of the Spanish temperament is equally sympathetic and ironical: "... before turning in Joaquin sang an Andalusian song which, like most Andalusian songs, recorded calamities. The horse died, the donkey died, and the *novia*, the bride, went off with another man; then on top of it all the harvest was rotten."

J. M.-R.

AT THE PLAY

Cards of Identity
(ROYAL COURT)

AS a playwright Nigel Dennis is like a host who has asked a lot of amusing people to a party and then forgotten to introduce them. Unless one has read his novel on which he has based *Cards of Identity* there is no early clue to the behaviour of his characters. Are they crooks? Or cranks? Or both? Even

after the wild explanations that come later, I am still not sure. This lack of motive is nearly fatal to the first act, for although in themselves its episodes are entertaining we are too puzzled to be able to enjoy them.

Joan Greenwood, Michael Gwynn and Kenneth Haigh have taken a rambling country house, and proceed to staff it by brain-washing the locals with trick-cyclist impostures. A maiden lady of impeccable gentility is persuaded she has long been their cook; her innocent brother becomes their butler, heavy with remorse for a criminal past; the village doctor is turned into an oafish gardener, his nurse into a land-girl. These shameless tamperings with personality are given the sparkle of satirical numbers in a good revue, but when the curtain falls for the first time we remind ourselves that we are supposed to be seeing a play.

The annual conference of a bogus international club to which the trio belongs makes things only a trifle clearer. But now at least we get a theory—windily expressed in a series of burlesque speeches—that without faith or social roots identity has ceased to be important in the modern world, for with a little expert encouragement a prime minister can believe himself an undertaker, and be just as happy. In a series of charades, still unhampered by any kind of solid link, the snobbery of heraldic ritual and the absurdities of broadcast commentaries

are neatly taken off. Much less funny is a long address by a drunken priest who inverts the basic phrases of the pulpit; an undoubted *tour de force* by George Devine, but in appalling taste.

Satire finally evaporates in the internal difficulties of the club. Rent by faction it collapses, to be wound up by murder. The victims of its experiments return to bewildered sanity, and so do we.

Cards of Identity has brilliant moments, but it isn't a play. That Mr. Dennis can write enviably witty dialogue sticks out a mile. His social perceptions are such that obviously he could be a dangerous sniper, if only he would tell us where he is shooting from, and at what. Random potting in a madhouse is a waste of his abilities, and adds up to something very short of a dramatic story.

There are several good minor performances, but the evening owes most to Miss Greenwood and Mr. Gwynn, who practise mental plastic surgery with a great deal of comic resource.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Chalk Garden (Haymarket—25/4/56), with Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft. *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* (Hippodrome—20/6/56), a tense play. *For Amusement Only* (Apollo—13/6/56), at its best a funny revue.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE GALLERY

Mr. Michael Astor's Pictures
Messrs. Agnew's Summer
Exhibition



MR. MICHAEL ASTOR'S collection must be considered unusual, by European standards at least, by the fact that so many good and sought-after paintings by renowned artists, from Gainsborough to Picasso (early), have been acquired in such a short space of time, since 1945. A nucleus only of it is being shown at the Ashmolean. It must be said with some emphasis that a public accustomed to the really splendid presentation of pictures which is so often found in our leading galleries—and in this respect the Ashmolean has been lately well to the fore—will be disappointed by the showing accorded to this guest exhibit. The exhibition room is too barren, too low and not well enough lighted. But in spite



Captain Mallett—MICHAEL GWYNN

Mrs. Mallett—JOAN GREENWOOD

[*Cards of Identity*]

PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of *PUNCH* contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for January to June, 1956, may be obtained free on application to The Circulation Manager, *PUNCH*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

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of this those with real appetite for painting will not want to miss this show.

In tolerably good lighting can be studied a Gauguin still-life painted at Port Aven, a small Renoir of one of his sons drawing as a child—redeemed, I think, from the United States; and a Gainsborough version of a Rubens *Descent from the Cross* in which every stroke of the brush seems crystal clear. This last is truly a student's picture. Canvases discernible in the shadows include a Cézanne landscape, two early Picassos, a Pissarro, and a Wilson Steer landscape, all of which deserve better treatment. (Closes late August.)

The Summer Exhibition at Agnews is so well balanced in its arrangement that it gives the impression of having been established in its maroon setting for years. *The Enchanted Castle* of Claude, from which emanates a calm which has long since disappeared from painting, will be for many the picture of this show; while the comparatively calm Turners may invite inspection of his later, more violent, *Fighting Téméraire* and *Interior at Petworth* to be seen at last again at the National Gallery. (Closes July 21.)

ADRIAN DAINTRY



AT THE PICTURES

The Man Who Knew Too Much
The Long Arm

PROBABLY not a large proportion of the present-day film-going public saw the original version (in 1934) of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (Director: Alfred Hitchcock); and of those plenty, I should think, are like me—firmly of the opinion that it was at the time a very good film, but without any very clear memories of exactly why and how. In the present version all but the essentials of the story (the situation of the ordinary family unwillingly involved in international intrigue, and the climactic scene of the attempted assassination during a concert at the Albert Hall) are different, and I have read disparaging comments to the effect that the changes are very far from being improvements. Nevertheless, though I do have fond memories of the 1934 film, (Peter Lorre, Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Nova Pilbeam), I must admit that I considerably enjoyed the new one. The suspense, when it comes, is brilliantly worked up and very effective; to attempt a comparison of degrees of suspense after twenty-two years (and some thousands of films) seems to me pointless. One could not see the first version now with the eyes of 1934: one would unconsciously make allowances because it was old, or—because of all one had seen since—even applaud as deliberate contrivance what at the time may have been hardly more than accident.

No; I say this one can be enjoyed for itself. The ordinary family now is an



[The Man Who Knew Too Much

Rien, the Assassin—REGGIE NALDER

American doctor (James Stewart), his wife (Doris Day) and young son (Chris Olsen), and the film opens as they are sightseeing in French Morocco. Here, undeniably, there is a sort of conducted-tour atmosphere for no very good narrative reason: all kinds of obvious curiosities have been picked out for display merely because they are interesting or amusing in themselves, not because they in any way help the story.

Nevertheless the feeling of unexplained menace does come over, and in due course we get to the prepared big scene—the Albert Hall concert during which, at the foreseen moment of a crash of cymbals, a fatal shot is to be fired at a visiting foreign Prime Minister. Here the old master of suspense brings out all his tricks: I didn't actually time the period during which one's nerves are skilfully stretched and stretched, but the devices used to do it reinforce each other for minutes on end until the last moment when one sees the whole scene framed between the two raised cymbals—

And then, *bang*; and the anticlimax, and the happy ending. I won't pretend to compare this film with the first version; simply, I was entertained and held by it, and I think most other people will be.

The Long Arm (Director: Charles Frend) is in a quite different convention: this is heightened realism, whereas the Hitchcock film is fantasy forced into a pseudo-realistic pattern. This one has Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard Superintendent investigating a series of mysterious safe-robberies. The story here—and extraordinarily gripping it is—follows the line of the Superintendent's

painstaking inquiries, from one tiny detail to another: the make of the safes, the scrawl on a newspaper, the cloth-fibres on the bumper of a car... With each step comes a new set of character-sketches (there are thirty-two names in the cast list); and then there is the Superintendent as a man, with his colleagues (his occasional irritation with the rather complacent efficiency of his sergeant) or at home (his loving wife who wishes he would sometimes tell her when he will be late, his lively interested little son). We get a convincing picture of real detective work, and our respect for it is increased. The one thing I regret is the fact that one of the later robberies has to involve a death (the escaping thief's car knocks a man down), so that there can be stern talk of "the killer"—the implication being that without this the audience wouldn't be so keen to see the law succeed. But perhaps this is over-sensitiveness on my part.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

An attractive new one in London is *Goodbye My Lady*, which is about a boy and a dog in the swamps of the Mississippi and will please many even of those repelled by the thought of any such story. *Touchez pas au Grisbi*, which when I wrote about it was advertised as *Honour Among Thieves* (27/6/56) but now seems to be called plain *Grisbi*, continues; and the gripping Pabst one about Hitler's last days, *Ten Days to Die*.

No remarkable new releases. Remember two of last week's—*Race for Life* (11/4/56) and *Storm Centre* (6/6/56).

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Tavern Talk

AT Lord's the other day an elderly gentleman told me that he preferred cricket on the radio to cricket on TV. He is the only person I have heard express this startling opinion and, naturally enough, I asked for amplification. "The television commentators are no good," he said. "Don't understand the game. And besides there's no atmosphere on TV. You can't enjoy cricket as a peep-show. You've got to see the whole ground—in proper perspective—and hear the gossip of the spectators around you."

I suggested that close-up action pictures of Miller, Benaud, Mackay, May and Trueman were worth hours of eyeless commentary.

"Distortion," he said. "Fellow was telling me he saw Miller pull a comb out of his pocket—at the wicket! Can't be right, can it? The camera shows you things that just don't happen."

Most people find cricket on TV wonderfully entertaining. They enjoy the intimacy of life "in the middle," the candid pictures of heroes momentarily off duty, the batsman's tense anticipation, the fast bowler's slow, convalescent, peripatetic progress to his mark, the steady acquisitive development of the score-board. And for a variety of reasons most people seem to grumble about TV commentators. If they describe what we can see we regard them as superfluous; if they omit some detail for which we are hungry they stand condemned as deserters. And if they express an opinion about what the ball or the wicket is doing or how so-and-so is shaping they are certain to run into terrible trouble...



Wimbledon, Wentworth and Lord's
LEW HOAD—NORMAN VON NIDA—KEITH MILLER

"Hear that! A beautiful late cut! He doesn't know the difference between a late cut and a snick. Benaud played to push that ball to leg and he calls it a beautiful late cut."

The sound-radio boys have an easier time of it. They have to produce more words, they have to arrange their thoughts neatly and find synonyms for every component of the game's tired jargon; but they are not faced every minute with the awful fact that the TV looker-on sees most of the game.

Every commentator has thousands of admirers and critics, and in offering my own list of "seeds" I am aware that I risk verbal annihilation through the post. However.

I find Jim Swanton the most knowledgeable and forthright of the team. He is now—by common agreement it seems—a consultant and "summer-upper" rather than a commentator, and he appears to enjoy this heightened prestige.

His comments are shrewd, brisk and fair. His voice is gravelly and unmusical, and he is apt to work his pet theories rather hard. But a sound opener.

My number two is John Arlott. At his best he is brilliantly funny, and at his worst he still contrives to make us smile at the idiosyncrasies of our flannelled fools. His serial portraits of Bill Johnston and Ernie Toshack (1948) and of Ken Mackay (1956) were remarkable examples of spontaneous literary felicity. At times, however, he plays to the gallery rather too obviously. The voice is rich, the accent strong. He sees the turning ball very quickly, often when it isn't.

Rex Alston is a reliable first-wicket-down, solid, persevering and workmanlike. At moments of excitement he is less dependable.

Three Aussies come next—Michael Charlton, Jack Fingleton and Alan McGilvray. They are all highly efficient performers. Fingleton has done a fine job on TV, where his friendly, rugged, authoritative style (not much back-lift) seems to echo the tough but amiable struggle out there on the wicket.

Brian Johnston I regard as iffy. He is fluent in a cosy, chatty fashion, and usually manages to suggest that Tests are jolly picnics, which they are not. To some extent his standing as a commentator is upset by his ubiquity on B.B.C. programmes. Like Peter West, he is occasionally the victim of his own versatility.

Well, there we are. I had hoped to widen the field of commentary to include Dan Maskell, Max Robertson, Henry Longhurst and others. But I am stumped for space. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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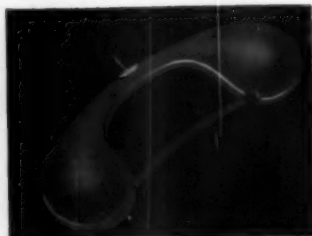


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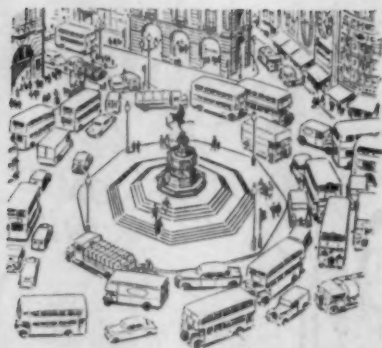
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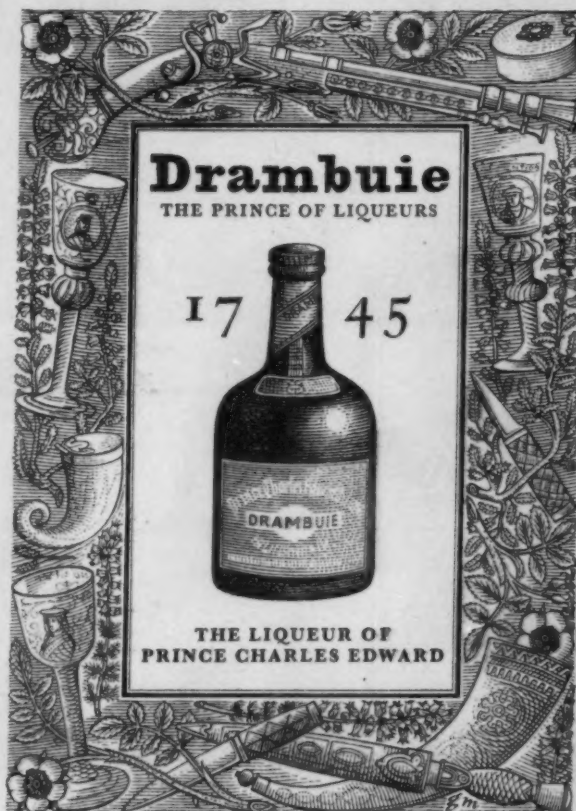


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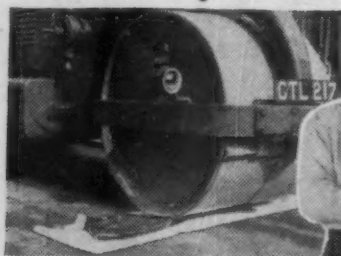
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"Will ye no' gang awa',
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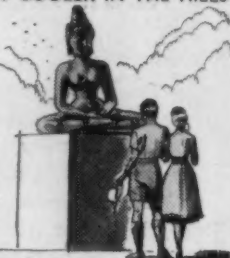
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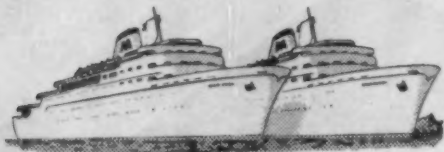
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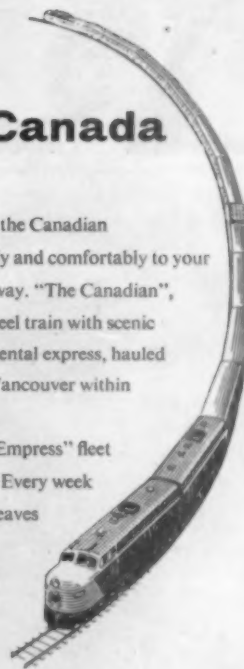


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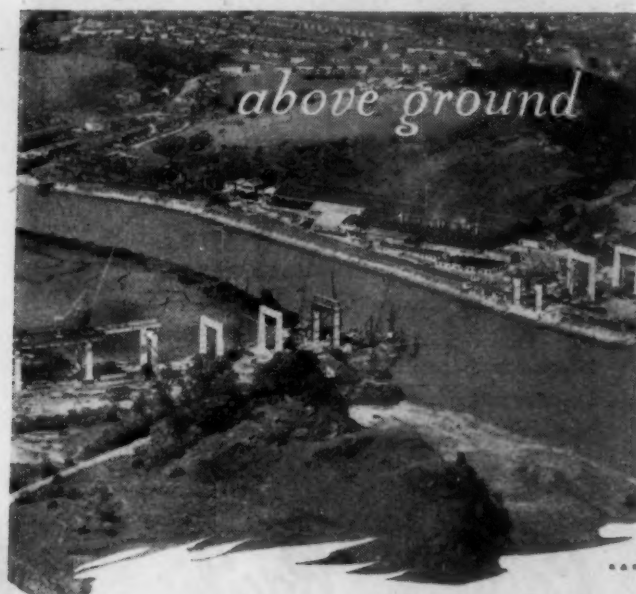
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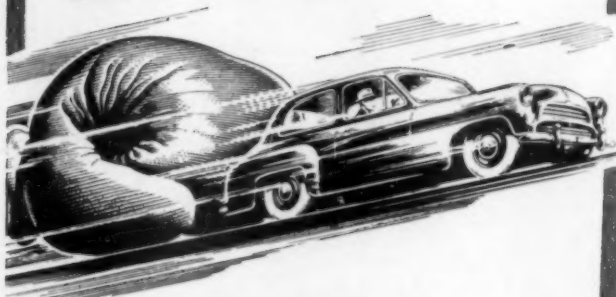
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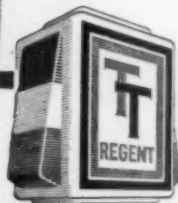
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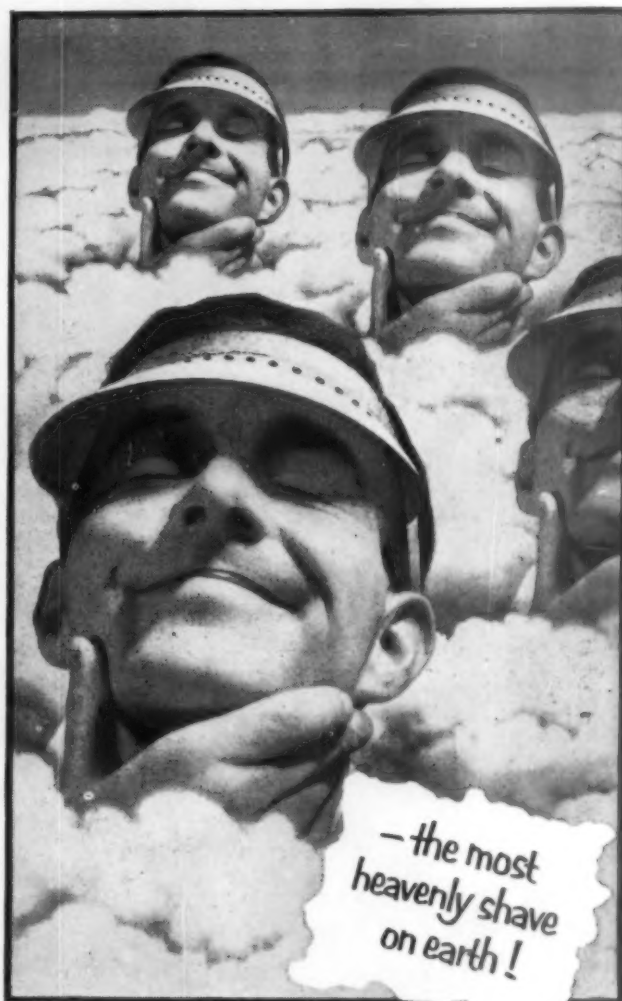
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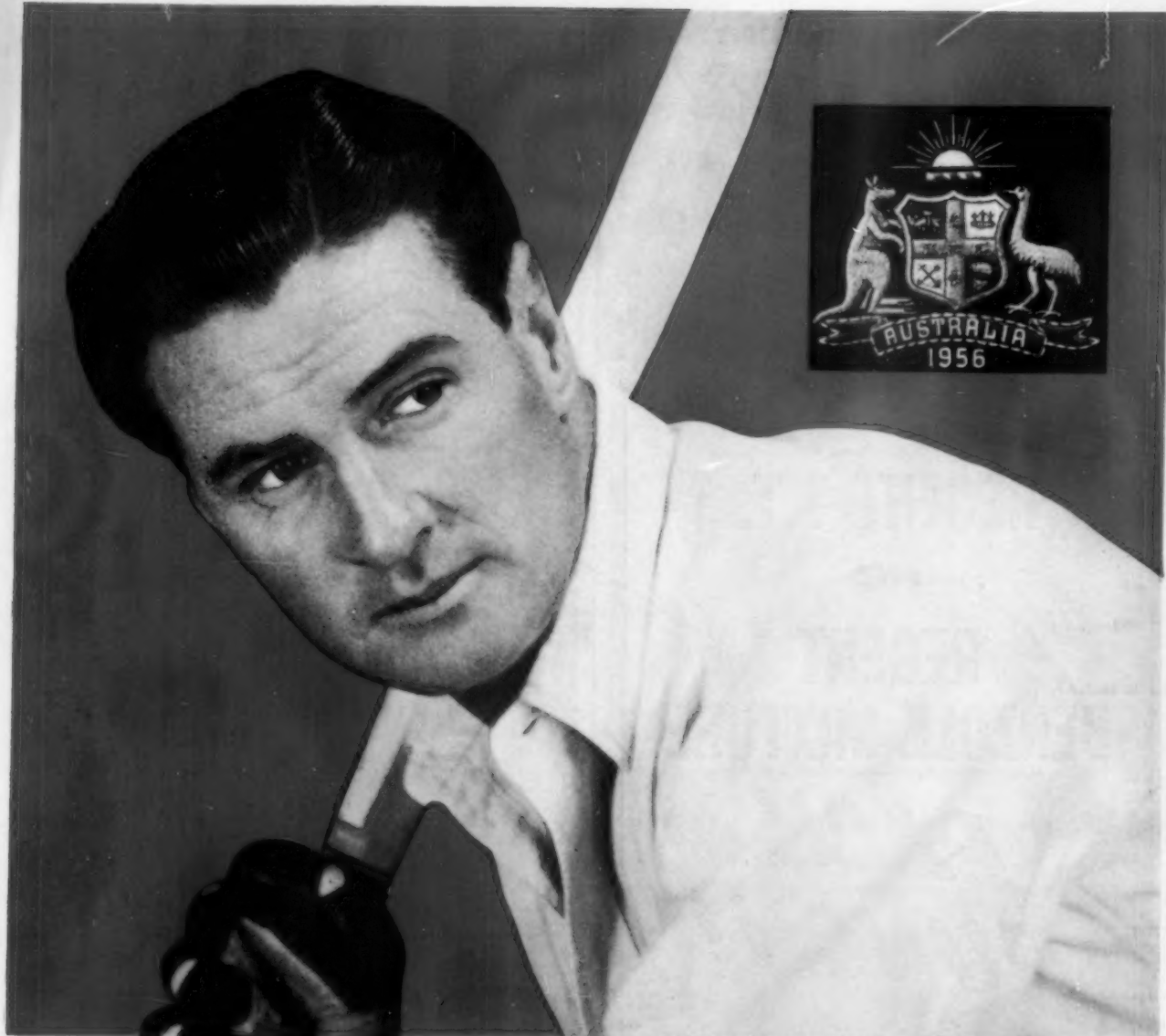


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